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club

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GET YOUR ROCKS OFF!

COVER GIRL ERIN'S BANG INTO SEX!

PUSSYWALK!

SUPERMODELS STRIP INSIDE!

HOT DOGS!

YOUR GUIDE TO COOL CANINES FREE INSIDE!

SEXCLUSIVE!

POP STAR LISA LISA

I like a guy who uses his tongue'

NEW, IMPROVED, LONGER LASTING CLUB!

THIS MONTH IN CLUB
TEASE!
CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three Number Six

page 5
Dionne

page 28
Lucy

Well, that's another issue of Club 'put to bed', as we like to say in the heady world of publishing. And what a struggle it was too...

We had the entire staff of the magazine working their bottoms off just so that you – our loyal, loving and slightly mad army of readers – can walk into your local newsagent and rejoice in the satisfaction of purchasing the country's top mag.

We've got the best-looking women, the naughtiest stories and, erm, Passport Pricks (see page 4). It seemed like a good idea at the time. Dress a rake up in a pair of lips, take it down to the Piccadilly tube station photo booth and convince the readers that it looks like Kate Moss. Ha-fucking-ha.

Have you any idea how hard it is to get a rake in the centre of London? You'd think it would be easy as falling down – something we're exceptional at after a few too many beers. The staff of this magazine must have been in every shop within a mile of Soho. "Do you sell rakes?" we asked. No, no and thrice, no, came the reply... until the answer hit us like a bolt from above. A-R-G-O-S. That shoppers' Mecca that sells absolutely everything; nasal trimmers, golf ball personalisers and pens with digital clocks...

> *It's not all just looking at naked women here at Club*

"A rake?" asked the spotty school-leaver behind the desk. "Certainly, sir! What sort of rake?"

"Oh, you know, just a normal rake," I mumbled.

"Oh, no, no, no, no, sir!" he laughed. "There's garden rakes, rakes for sweeping up leaves. Do you want a rake with a wooden or aluminium handle? Eighteen teeth or 26 teeth? Rust-proof, wind-proof or rain-proof?"

"Mmmm, how about idiot-proof?" I whimpered.

I could almost hear the coin drop. "It wouldn't be unfair to say that you're not strictly a gardener, are you?"

"Well, no," I admitted. "I'm from Club and it's for a hilariously funny item called Passport Pricks. You see, we stick a pair of lips on a rake, take a photo of it and then convince our readers that it looks like Kate Moss."

"Say no more..." he drivelled. He fixed me up with a lovely rake too. A Spear & Jackson garden rake with 26 prongs, a galvanised steel

Thought of the month:
"Don't get *Loaded* this weekend get Clubbed!" – Rob, Rich & Rod 1994

page 21
Marcella

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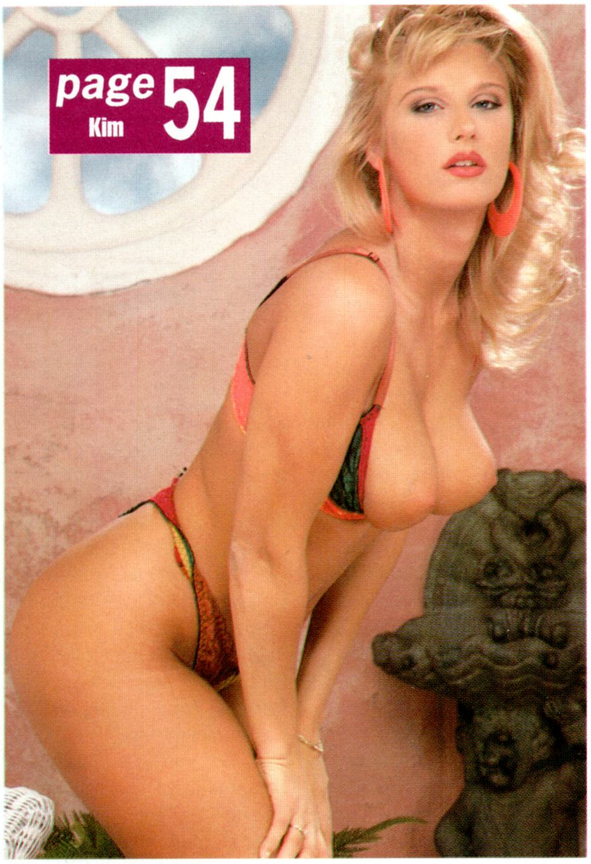

page 70
Sian

page 76
Candy

page 42
Jemma

page 90
Gabrielle

hood and a treated sycamore wood handle. Perfect.

So with my rake in hand, I nipped down to the photo booth in Piccadilly tube station and proceeded to take pictures of the rake. It's on page 4. Looks good, huh? It's supposed to look like Kate Moss – you know, thin as a rake. You're right, it's not very funny. You see, that's devotion to duty for you. It's not all looking at pictures of naked women here at Club HQ, although I'm sure you'll agree that there's something extra special about the women in this issue.

What about delicious Dionne on page 5? You've seen her before in Club and the top-heavy temptress just couldn't wait to make another dazzling appearance. Then there's sexy Sian on page 70, our bashful beauty from Birmingham who's making her debut, as is Erin on page 14, who's come all the way from the United States and managed to squeeze us in as she travelled the globe – very pleasurable it was too.

You see, the girls take care of themselves in this magazine. Which is just as well, considering we have to run around collecting silly things like fucking rakes.

Enjoy the mag, as you'd expect, it's one of the best! Finally, can I interest anyone in a rake. One careful owner with 26 prongs, a galvanised steel... *(Enough! – Gardening Ed.)* ♣

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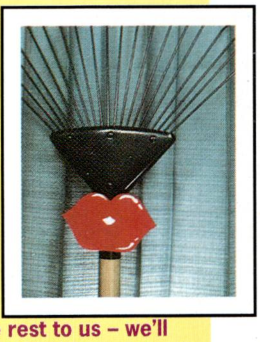
in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

PASSPORT PRICKS

No 2: Kate Moss



Have you ever wondered what top film stars, singers or celebrities look like in their passport photograph? No, you probably haven't but it's a cheap way of getting a laugh anyway. By the way, no offence Kate, the Ed still thinks you're the sexiest thing on two sticks. Only joking, cutie!

Why not nominate someone for Club's Passport Pricks? Write in with your suggestion and leave the rest to us – we'll leave no stone unturned in our quest to find the shocking truth behind the star's Passport Pics! ♣

DESERT ISLAND DICK

If Sue Lawley asked me what luxury I would take to a desert island, the answer would be Vanessa from Vol 23 No 5. Her tits are a real treasure chest, and those shots of her in that tropical paradise had the milk gushing out of my coconuts. *(Oh very nice! – The Ed)*

She says she'd love to be washed up on an island with just one guy for company. Please, let it be me. I promise I won't fart, belch or cut my toenails in her mud hut. I won't go "Phwooarr look at those!" every time she bends down in her tiny palm-leaf bikini. I won't even make obvious jokes about melons or juicy pears. All I'll do is be a sensitive lover slowly massaging her wonderful breasts, squeezing that pert bum and licking her lovely neat fanny prior to eagerly fucking the living daylights out of her.

I can just feel that warm sand on my elbows and the sun on my bum as I slowly penetrate her beautiful brown body. Her pussy is hotter and wetter than the climate and even more welcoming. Her moans drown out the sound of the crashing waves...

If I can't get to take Vanessa to a desert island, please show her again and again – even indoors at home! If she looks that good on white sand, she must look sensational in silk lingerie. – *Jonathon, Nottingham*

BIRTHDAY BONK!

My name is Rebecca and I celebrated my 21st birthday at the end of last month. My best friend, Jilly, had planned a special night out for the two of us to mark the occasion. "It'll be a night you'll never forget," she told me excitedly. She was certainly right about that.

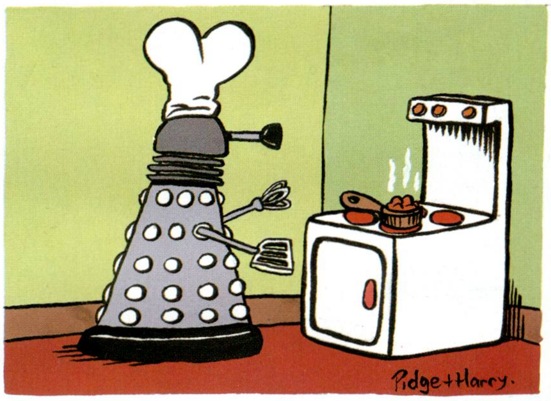
We went into the centre of town and Jilly treated me to a spicy Thai meal, a few bottles of wine and then we jumped into a taxi back to her place where she told me that she had a special surprise waiting for me.

Once we got back, I was under strict instructions to sit tight in the living-room while Jilly went upstairs to the bedroom. "I'll be back in a few minutes," she breathed huskily. "Just stay right there..."

I didn't know what to expect, but when Jilly came back downstairs with a handsome, blond-haired hunk dressed in a sweatshirt and jeans, I knew something special was about to happen. "Rebecca, I'd like you to meet Richard," she said proudly. "He's all yours for the night!"

I almost choked on my drink. "What's going on?" I asked nervously.

"Well you've told me enough times that you've always fancied a threesome," she giggled, "and Richard is more than happy to oblige."


Pidge+Harry.

SADS ARMY!

Attention, you 'orrible little men! Everything you need for playing soldiers is on parade here, says **Corporal Punishment**. Wait for it...

Stuck for something to do this weekend? Then why not annexe a small country, lead a military coup and set up a dictatorship? Yes, the complete home meglomaniac's kit is available now for the 'bang-bang, you're dead' boring bastard who likes playing soldiers...

Unable to get into the Army 'cos you can't drink enough lager on the train? Turned down by the TA for not having red enough ears? Then become a mail-order mercenary with *BCB International's Military Range Catalogue*. More camouflage khaki than Lawrence Corner, there's not only a complete range of combat jackets, big boots and 'trigger-finger mitts' but such essential suburban commando kit as camo cream (face make-up to you, luvvie), shark repellant and a DIY dental pack (including temporary crowns and fillings – Arrrrggghh!). Street criminals might also like to know that there is an extensive range of knives too. Once you've got the gear, what about the

ROBERT DUVALL
STALIN
Death had a name.
THE TRUE STORY
PG
I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE
JOHN MILLS
CECIL PARKER
U
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL
RICHARD TODD
LAURENCE HARVEY
RICHARD HARRIS
PG
BCB

I couldn't believe that Jilly had taken me at my word, but now the chance was there for the taking I was hardly going to turn it down!

"What are you waiting for, Beccy?" said Richard. "It's your birthday, after all..."

I raced over to Richard and planted a smacker on his lips. Jilly quickly joined me and we both dropped to our knees and eagerly peeled off his trousers. I gasped loudly as his massive cock sprung into view. "Christ, he's a big boy," I laughed, wrapping my fingers around his shaft.

Jilly held his hairy balls in her palm and then started to lick her way up his cock as I slowly wanked him. His dick must have been about 8 inches long and was very thick with a gleaming circumcised helmet pointing proudly upwards.

Jilly was really in her stride now, sucking his cock into the hollow of her cheek and withdrawing it then running her tongue around the rim of his bell-end. "Hey!" I shrieked loudly. "Save some for me... it is my birthday!"

"Ooops," laughed Jilly. "I almost forgot!"

"Okay, let's get you stripped, Richard," I said. "Then we'll really have some fun." Richard obliged immediately, while Jilly

continued on page 27

strategy? Well, there is now a complete new series of war videos for you to watch and enjoy. *I Was Monty's Double*, *The Big Blockade* and *The Long And The Short And The Tall* are all now available from Warner Home Video at only £10.99 each. And for the seriously power-crazed amongst you, there's even a biopic of *Stalin* out on video this month starring Robert Duvall.

So if you're the sort of sad bastard for whom the D-Day Anniversary brings wet dreams of enjoying the jolly camaraderie and killing, fall out now. If on the other hand you think all people like that are deranged, potential serial killers, join the club... ♣

dionne

Photographs by Michael Moore

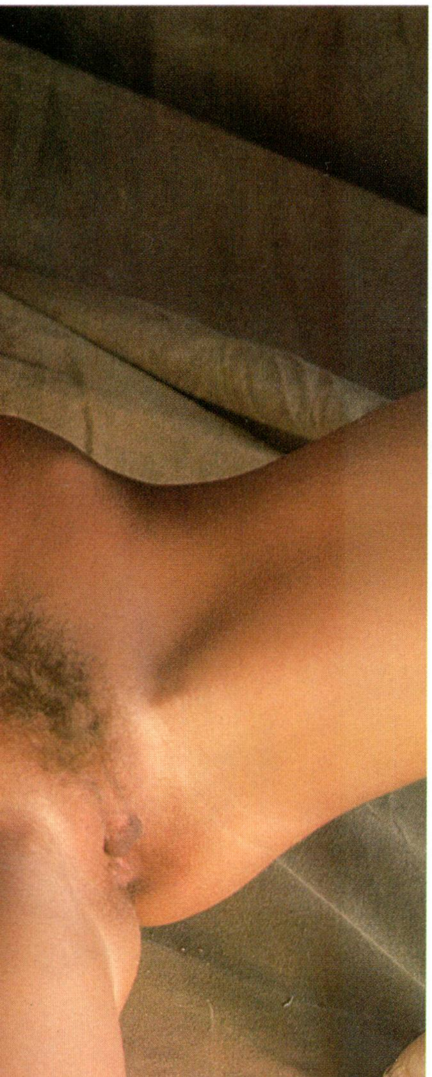
The last time Dionne graced our pages, she delivered such a stunning set of pictures that she left our tongues hanging down by our knees. Now the 20-year-old is set to give yet another delicious double whammy that should finish us off for good!

"Well at least you'll go with a big smile on your face!" teases Dionne, letting her shirt fall to the floor to reveal an eye-catching pair of 38Ds. "Mind you, the thing about having big breasts is that all a man wants to do is bury his face in

between them!

"They get so carried away licking and sucking my boobs, that I have to just take them in hand, if you know what I mean!"

I think we get the idea, Dionne... ♣

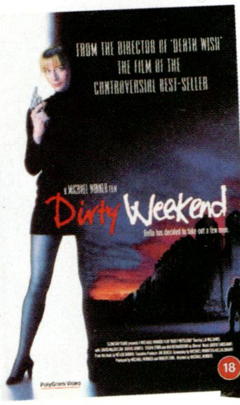


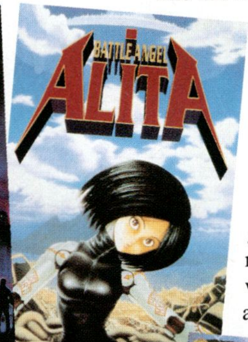
BRIGHTON COCK!

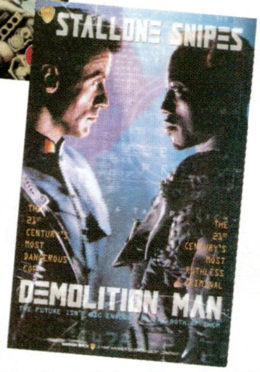
Lights, camera, action! The man who couldn't direct traffic, **Dean Isherwood**, reviews the latest videos...

Dirty Weekend
Polydor Video
Certificate: 18

Adapted from the controversial best-seller by Helen Zahavi, this film tells the story of Bella, who wakes up one morning and realises she's had enough of men.


FROM THE DIRECTOR OF 'DEATH WISH'
THE FILM OF THE CONTROVERSIAL BEST-SELLER
A MICHAEL WINNER FILM
Dirty Weekend
18





Using her good looks and charm, she lures a succession of creeps, sexual deviants and misfits into compromising positions and then kills them.

On its release at the cinema, this Michael Winner-directed film provoked a wide range of responses from 'obscenely pornographic' to 'thought-provoking stuff'. In reality, Winner seems to have taken *Death Wish* and merely switched the gender, with the woman as the protagonist and men as the victims.

It's a decent enough film, but I think it's a bit fucking rich to portray Michael Winner as some sort of champion of women's causes when most of his other films are misogynist crap.

Rating: ✓✓✓

Demolition Man
Warner Bros
Certificate: 18

The year: 2032; the place: an urban wasteland called San Angeles. And Sylvester Stallone still can't act his way out of a paper bag. Boom, boom!

Actually, joking aside, this is exactly the sort of film that Sly does best. An all-action, good versus evil, futuristic romp through a city ravaged by violence. Wesley Snipes plays Simon Phoenix, a pyschopathic killer accidentally released from cryogenic prison and Stallone is the renegade cop who has to track him down.

You can't really expect too much from a film like this, Oscar-territory it ain't. However, if you're after a good action movie to watch with your mates after closing time, then *Demolition Man* should be right up your street.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

Alita: Battle Angel
Manga Video
Certificate: 18

If your knowledge of animated films stretches as far as *Aladdin,* then you're going to be surprised by this release from Manga Videos.

Set in the future, the Earth has denegerated into a rotten chemical trash-heap inhabited by cyborgs, bounty hunters and Alita, the Battle Angel. She's a curiously sexy cyborg who zaps the baddies and attempts to restore peace to a bleak world.

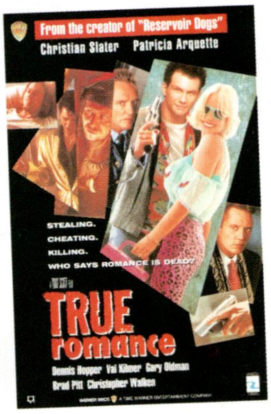
Created by legendary cartoonist, Yukito Kishiro, this film is the antithesis of Walt Disney and is strong stuff. Violent, funny and sexy; you'll love it.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
True Romance
Warner Bros
Certificate: 18

You have to pity Quentin Tarantino. First of all, *Quentin* – when has a man ever been taken seriously with a monicker like that? Secondly, he'll forever be known as the man who created *Reservoir Dogs* – rapidly turning into a millstone around his neck, I'll bet. Do people expect his shit to be gold? Probably is too, the bastard.

True Romance was written by the man himself, but finds Tony Scott (*Top Gun*) at the controls instead. You can't fault the script: boy meets girl, boy marries girl, boy gets his hands on a suitcase full of contraband Mafia cocaine and attempts to sell it for a tidy profit.


From the creator of "Reservoir Dogs"
Christian Slater Patricia Arquette
STEALING. CHEATING. KILLING. WHO SAYS ROMANCE IS DEAD?
TRUE romance
Dennis Hopper Val Kilmer Gary Oldman
Brad Pitt Christopher Walken

The direction is fast and furious, but Christian Slater as a coke-snortin', piece-packin', ass-kickin' sonofabitch? Ho-hum, I'll get back to you on that one...

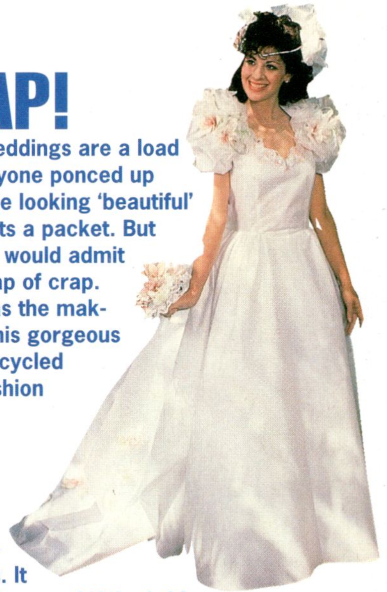
With guest appearances by Dennis Hopper, Brad Pitt, Christopher Walken and Gary Oldman, it seems that every actor in Tinseltown has been bending over backwards to bath in the reflected glow of our Quentin.

In all, a pretty decent film. Patricia Arquette looks simply stunning and there are some fine performances; but you can't help thinking that if they had had Tarantino along for the ride then things could have been much better. Good, but not a classic...

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

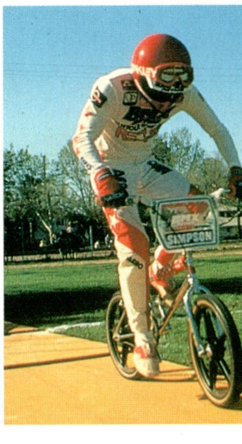
RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

IT'S CRAP!



We all know that weddings are a load of crap with everyone ponced up like prats and the bride looking 'beautiful' in a big frock that costs a packet. But even this bride's Mum would admit that this gown is a heap of crap. It belongs in the bin, as the makers would say – 'cos this gorgeous gown is made from recycled rubbish, writes our fashion correspondent, Daffy Oldcow.

The material's satin sheen comes from the fact that it's composed of old plastic bags and bin liners. It might be hot, but it's free, and if the bride asks nicely a spotty boy in an overall will help pack her and take her to the car.



Even the bouquet is a bunch of old crap. It's a tastefully arranged selection of egg boxes, lolly sticks, used cotton buds (urgh!) and dental floss! Throw that to the bridesmaids and the one that catches it might catch more than she bargained for!

However, if you know two more-than-just-Friends Of The Earth who are about to get hitched, perhaps this is the frock for her to wear in the back of the lead-free Rolls Royce. But, let's face it, by the time she gets to the honeymoon suite, her freezer-bagged fanny's gonna smell like a packet of mackerel that's been left out of the fridge! ♣

BOWLING BALLS

To succeed at ten-pin bowling you really have to throw yourself into it, claim the body bowlers of Great Britain. These pinheads may not have any balls but they enjoy the game – by hurling themselves down the alleys instead!

Akin to the politically incorrect sport of dwarf tossing, you don't need a deformity to take part in body bowling, though you'll probably get one playing it. All you do is simply throw yourself at the pins and see how many you can knock down with your head. To make it more difficult, you have to somersault over a bar halfway down the alley before slamming face-first into the skittles.

A strike usually means a broken nose or lost teeth, but there are still some women prepared to put a brave face on bruising their lips and losing their molars to have a go. One such lady is Koko Gedson...

"I'm a black belt in karate and I see the pins as my opponents," she says. That's how she got the name Koko – she's nuts.

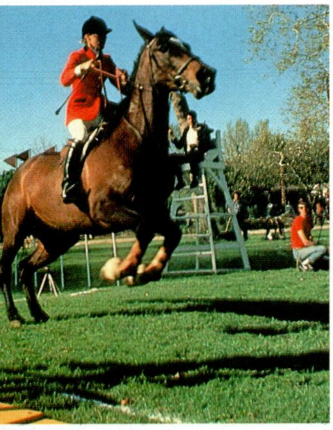
Doug Hastings was more pragmatic. "Of course I feel bloody stupid," he said. "But I got a nine! A nine. Do you hear me? A nine!" ♣

WORLD OF SHITE

We join commentator David Colehole for live coverage of another crap sport...

Err, good afternoon and welcome to the National Arena for the Royal International Wealthy Git of the Year Championship. You join us for the jump-off against the clock between Lucinda Prior-Engagement on Dixon's Superstore's Sony Midi CD System Black Beauty versus, err, a bloke on a bike. Extraordinary!

It seems that Harvey's Shit Horse, Penwood Forged Passport had a rather too untidy tail and had to be shot, so he's taking on his old rival on a BMX. And they're off...



And they are absolutely together as they come to the first, a plastic hedge followed by the water. Will Lucinda make the water? Probably, she's that nervous! But Harvey has cleared it easily. Now onto the wall... Luci has no difficulty with that one, but the BMX rider has to stop to spray it with graffiti before carrying on.

Oh no! Lucinda's refused the wide poles. I told those fat Eastern Europeans that she'd never go to bed with them! And as they come to the final furlong marker at the end of the race, it's... it's... it's... the result is a photograph! Well, several actually with a crap article to go with it...

And the full SP is – a glorious win for Harvey Shit on his BMX bike. Lucinda came in first, but unfortunately her Sony Midi CD System had three faults. It's too small, the buttons are fiddly and the CD drawer wobbles after twelve months... ♣

SMART DRUGS?

Forget Pro-Plus, says **Adam Porter**, there are drugs that can keep you awake, make you happy and give you a stiffy...

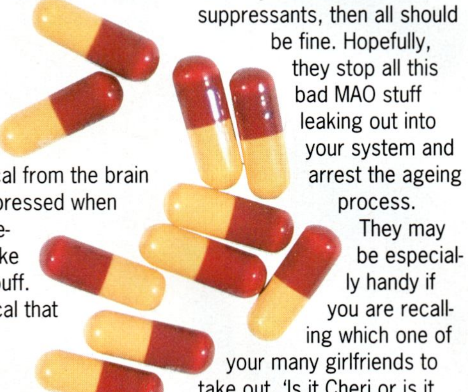
Ever felt really ill? Like there is absolutely no point in pulling back the covers 'cos you're so hungover? Of course you have. As far as options go, keeping the blinds closed and the duvet on can seem like a reasonable thing to do, such is the pain of alcohol withdrawal. That smoked feeling is also a killer. Too much dope in one hit for the uninitiated or just that everyday feeling of inertia for the regular pothead can be, err, what were we talking about, man? Oh yeah... something of a downer. But fear not, the ultimate hangover cure is on the way. No, not a good blow-job, but all-new, all-conquering smart drugs. But are these much-publicised pills all they are cracked up to be?

Smart drugs are very much a West Coast phenomenon, by that we mean Los Angeles not Barnstable. They are the sort of chemicals that whacked-out hippies started to experiment with during the 70s. By 'smart' we mean clever. These are drugs that either enhance your immediate sense of being (i.e. wake you up) or supposedly make your 'cognitive responses' much faster (i.e. make you more clever). You don't believe it? Well, take it as read...

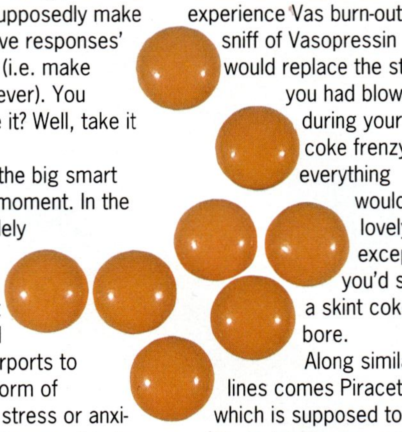
Prozac is the big smart drug of the moment. In the USA it is widely regarded as some sort of cure-all. It comes in pill form and purports to relieve any form of depression, stress or anxiety. Sounds too good to be true? Well perhaps. Anti-Prozacers say the drug is a totalitarian tool set to turn us all into zombies ready to let our governments do anything they like. Indeed, not all is rosy in Prozac's secret garden and casualties are surfacing across the pond.

The smartest drugs however, tend to be more underground and more specific.

Take Diapid or Vasopressin. In reality, or originally, a treatment for diabetes. It comes in nasal spray form and feels safer than a bucket full of pills. Vasopressin is *the* hangover cure. For people who can think of nothing better to do than pass their Saturday nights sucking on spliffs the size of rolling pins, check out this testimony from *High Times* magazine, the puffer's bible. 'A few squirts of Vasopressin helps memory and enough of it will bring you down, relieving some of the cloudy after-effects of the drug'. What drug is that then? Oh yeah. Pass the Vasopressin...



What the mighty Vas does is release this chemical from the brain that is suppressed when dopey dopeheads smoke too much puff. The chemical that is released nullifies the intoxicant qualities of cannabis. Alternatively, if you're daft enough to do cocaine, then Vasopressin is released and as a result you experience Vas burn-out. A sniff of Vasopressin would replace the stuff you had blown during your coke frenzy and everything would be lovely, except you'd still be a skint coke bore.



Along similar lines comes Piracetam, which is supposed to be a fillip to intelligence and supposedly has no toxic or addictive effects. It helps to increase the flow of information between the two spheres of the brain and as such helps with memory and acts as a bit of a pick-me-up. But then what's wrong with drinking lots of black coffee and keeping a diary?

Smart drugs can also be used for people like students and exam takers. A variety of them are used as memory aids, recall enhancers, reading helpers and generally help for extra clarity of the mind. Some say that this can be done with vitamins like Beta Carotene, the killer B's (B1, 3, 5, 6 and 12) and even vitamin C, but it all sounds like too much trouble, doesn't it? In that case, why not try some MAO suppressants. MAO stands for Monoamine Oxidase which is the stuff that really comes on with age. It is produced by the brain's synapses and inhibits memory and energy, like a good night out really. Now if you take these MAO suppressants, then all should be fine. Hopefully, they stop all this bad MAO stuff leaking out into your system and arrest the ageing process. They may be especially handy if you are recalling which one of your many girlfriends to take out. 'Is it Cheri or is it Amy? I know, I'll just suppress my MAO's and see!'. There is one drawback, however. If you mix MAO suppressants with MDMA (Ecstasy to you and me) or alcohol, then one side-effect can be doing a River Phoenix, as we say.

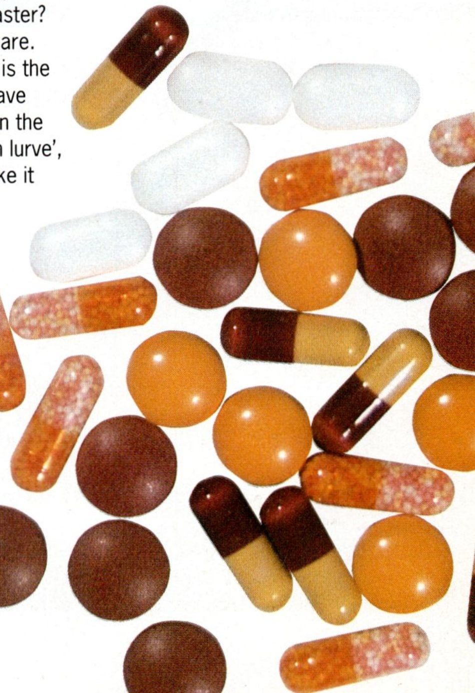
What about shagging, we hear you ask? Are there any smart drugs to make you bonk better or fuck faster? Well, of course there are. Deprenyl is one. This is the chemical scientists have decided is prevalent in the brain when you are 'in lurve', which means you make it when you get horny. Users say it makes you more alert and turns your sex-drive into an XR3i turbo. But hold on, Deprenyl is one of these MAO suppressants, so if you have any ideas of taking anything else at the same time, don't.

Another sex drug that has undergone tests in the USA is called Bromocriptine. According to smart drug rumours, the tests were taken on a load of over-60s to see what would happen after prolonged use. But rumour has it that the tests were abandoned after the wrinklies went sex-mad and two of them got pregnant. Eeeyeuch! Smart drugs or no smart drugs that sort of thing is just not on!

Now comes the sad bit. Most of these drugs are only available by prescription and your doctor may just be a tad suspicious if you enter his surgery and say, 'Doc, it's very serious, you must prescribe me some Deprenyl!'

However there are ways around this. Do you have a friend in the USA? You do? Well a company called Masters International in Harrow can legally export these drugs to them, then your mate in America could, if you were so inclined, err, keep them and not send them to you because it would actually be illegal to do that. And we couldn't possibly recommend breaking the law, could we? It's also expensive, with Vasopressin costing about £17 a bottle. So be careful and, of course, be smart...♣

Deprenyl can turn your sex drive into an XR3i turbo



erin

Photographs by Maria Clarke

Phew! Twenty-year-old Erin Carter is the sort of girl who likes to have fun – with a capital F. The bouncy blonde bombshell from Los Angeles is on a whirldwind tour of the globe at the moment, but she managed to slow down sufficiently for us to capture her in all her naked glory. "I'll try anything once," she told us excitedly, peeling off the tiniest of leather

skirts to reveal a bum that would be well worth a second look in anyone's book...

"Who knows," panted the hyperactive honey, "if you're lucky enough, I may drop by again soon..."

Oooh, please do, Erin! ♣

MAKE MY DAY, PUNK!

Whatever happened to a nice tune, asks **James T Bone**? And why have all these crappy punk bands with no talent suddenly become hip...

S*M*A*S*H: Snot-nosed little punks?

Regular readers of this column will know that I'm not one to vent unnecessary spleen on up-and-coming bands *(Oh, really? Why are you known as the bitterest man in pop then?– The Ed)*, but I feel compelled to ask a simple question: what the fuck is all this punk revival shit about?

Bands like **S*M*A*S*H**, **These Animal Men** and **Compulsion** are old enough to know better than to try and pass themselves off as 'angry young men' rebelling against... well, nobody seems to know exactly what they're rebelling against. With their meandering sloganeering, apolitical lyrics and revivalist dress sense, these bands are shamelessly plundering a musical period that many of their fans were too young to remember anyway.

It's all very well rebelling against the evil corporate music industry, but I'll bet that as soon as EMI or Warners start waving cheque-books in their direction and offering eight-album deals these bands will be the first to sign on the dotted line.

Remember the **Manic Street Preachers**? "We're going to release one great album and then split up..." Oh yeah? Now with three LPs, a Bon Jovi tour support and a brace of Top 20 singles under their belt, the Welsh wizards are not quite as vocal in condemnation of their paymasters at Colombia Records as they once were. Christ, they're even doing 'charidee' concerts and appearing on Saturday morning kids telly. Rebels indeed.

C'mon, folks, do yourself a big favour and dispatch these non-entities back to the obscurity they deserve. With truly great new bands such as **Sabres Of Paradise**, **Zhane**, **Oasis**, **Suede**, **Underworld**, **Echobelly**, and **The Auteurs**; do we really need this sort of shit clogging up our airwaves? I think not.

DEPECHE MODE: Smile, boys!

ZHANE: More hair than Right Said Fred

- Festival time is upon us once again. Glastonbury, Reading, Fleadh and Phoenix are all happening over the next few months and boast impressive line-ups. But exactly how much money does a band pocket for a show at one of the big festivals? **The Wonder Stuff** played at the Reading festival last year and walked away almost £25,000 richer after playing a two-hour set. That's £208.33 per minute. Doing it for the kids? I don't think so...

- East 17 have their pitbull terriers, Brett from Suede cuddles up to a cat and Slash from Guns & Roses never leaves home without his boa-constrictor. Animal-fancying pop stars are cropping up all over the place, so this column will be exclusively compiling a new section: pop stars and their pets. Starting next month, we'll be printing pictures of pet-loving pop stars and their furry friends. Number one: **Nine Inch Nails'** Trent Reznor at home with his goldfish, Goldie and Killer. Probably.

- **Primal Scream** head off on a two-month tour of America this month with **Depeche Mode**, but given the drug-related reputations of both bands I'll bet that the tour won't make it past the fifth date without a fatality. Sick? You bet.

- Controversial rock journalist **Albert Goldman** died last month at the ripe old age of 66. Famed for his vitriolic style, he wrote best-selling biographies of both **John Lennon** and **Elvis Presley**. Describing the ex-Beatle as 'a once brilliant talent

ECHOBELLY: Really rather good...

puffed-up into a fat clown' and portraying Presley as a dim-witted, racist, mother-fixated hillbilly, I'd certainly like to see the commotion when he walks through the pearly gates and meets those two for the first time.

● Finally, this month sees concerts around the country by (gulp) Elkie Brooks, Daniel O'Donnell, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, The Temptations, Georgie Fame, The Drifters, Freddie and the Dreamers and Bob Hope. If anyone can be bothered to work out the combined ages of these old gits, then there's two free tickets to see, errr, **Howard Keel** on his forthcoming tour. That's presuming he hasn't popped his clogs, of course... ♣

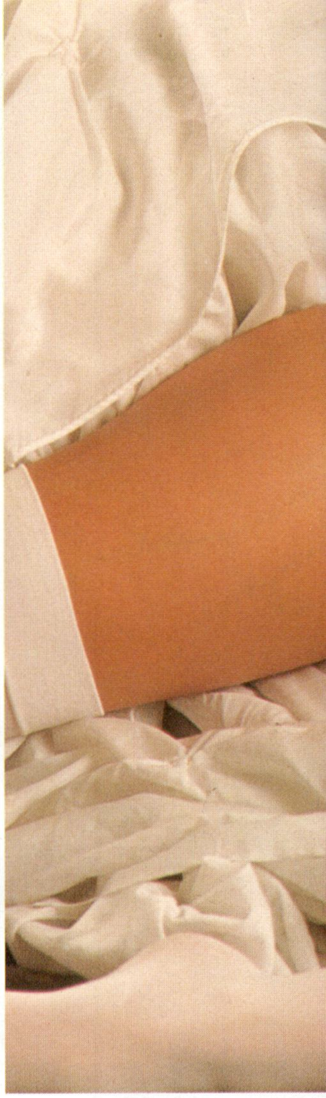
AXIMUM
OCK'N'RO

PRIMAL SCREAM: Mr Blobby...

Photographs by Franco Marocco

marcella

Where did Marcella spend last night? In bed with 55 men called Phil! They were the London Philharmonic Orchestra, and although they were only on the CD player, she admits she could have fucked all of them... Marcella is turned on by classical music and knows the perfect combination for a night out. "Snogging in the back row of the Albert Hall during a Ravel concert!" she says at once. "Quietly, of course!" ♣



To Give

WOT YOUR DOG SAYS ABOUT YOU!

Man's best friends are also Man's ultimate fashion accessory. At least Club's style guru, **Stan-Bill Gaultier**, seems to think so, but then he was always barking mad...

1. Spaniel
Usually to be found in Royal parks, Spaniel owners come in pairs and are called Jasper and Sophie and are wankers. He's a closet puff and has never satisfied her in five years of marriage. So if you've got a spaniel and you want to get laid, get it put down now!

2. Rottweiler
You might think you're hard, but the dog's balls are bigger than the owner's. Rottweiler men talk to you about fighting, knowing full well that no-one in their right mind is going to take them on while 'Psycho' is sniffing around your balls.

3. Demon Terrier
The ultimate fashion accessory, this dog betrays the owner's sensitive side and can be worn to most public functions, preferably on a gold bike chain. Good with children (who don't like their face).

4. English Bull Terrier
Ugly as fuck, the only reason anyone would have one of these is to make themselves look handsome. The thing is, it works! Women love them and can't resist coming over to pet them, then the owner...

5. Scottie Dog
Scottie owners are scruffy little fuckers who like dogs that are small enough to sit on their lap and wriggle around, if you know what we mean.

6. Golden Retriever
You're either a *Blue Peter* presenter or an English teacher. Retrievers are a real cop-out dog that say 'My owner is a complete fucking wimp who wears women's undies in bed and whose only ambition in life is to be on a bloody Pedigree Chum advert'.

7. Pooch
Owned by hairdressers, driven by druggies, the pooch is part of a cunning disguise used by coke dealers to make the Law think that the powder round their noses is from the make-up counter at Boots.

8. Mangey Mongrel
You're a cool dude who loves life, gets off with girls and is always happy. So do us all a favour; wrap yourself in a plastic bag and jump in a canal, you smug little fucker. ♣

7

4

8

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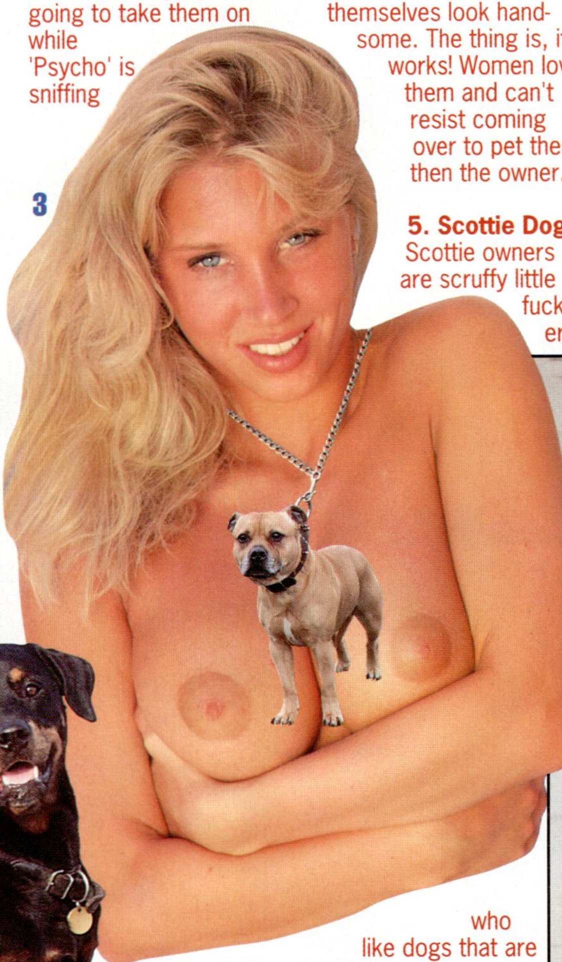
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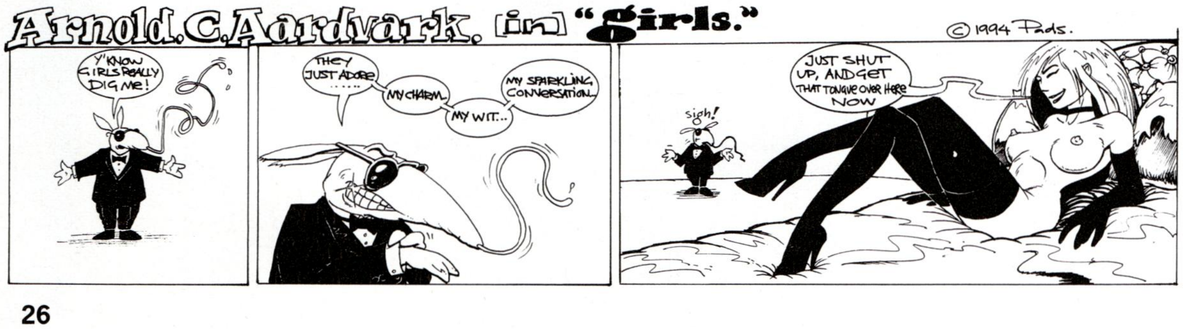

Arnold.C.Aardvark. [in] "girls."
©1994 Pads.
Y'KNOW GIRLS REALLY DIG ME!
THEY JUST ADORE .....
MY CHARM...
MY WIT...
MY SPARKLING CONVERSATION
sigh!
JUST SHUT UP, AND GET THAT TONGUE OVER HERE NOW

DEAR HELENA,

I thought I was seeing double when I opened up Club (Vol 23 No 4) and saw your gorgeous pictures. You're the spitting image of Naomi Campbell, but even more beautiful. I can just imagine you on the catwalk too – and that's where my fantasy begins...

I'm working as a photographer at one of the big fashion shows and I'm entranced as I watch you strut down the catwalk. Your long hair is piled on top of your head and you're wearing a skimpy black dress that accentuates your wonderful curves. After the show I head backstage in the hope of getting a few more snaps. I make my way to your dressing room and peek through the open door, seeing you sitting down.

I can feel my cock growing as you slowly stand up and then run your hands down over your hips,

in the bag

continued from page 5

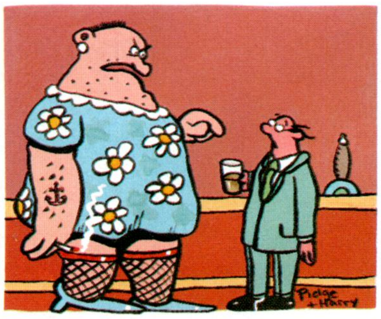
helped me off with my dress until I was standing there in my bra and knickers.

"Why don't you get down on all fours?" asked Richard. "Then I'll do you doggy-style..." I quickly dropped onto the floor and stuck my bum high in the air with my legs spread wide. Richard kneeled behind me and then eased my knickers to one side. "Are you ready?" he asked. I nodded, then felt his hands on my bum as his thick cock nudged at my wet hole. I pushed back and moaned loudly as I felt the first delicious inch of his nob-end slide effortlessly into my cunt.

"He's in!" shrieked Jilly delightedly. Then Richard started pumping his entire length inside me, grinding his hips against my bum and working his tool around inside me. I was wailing loudly with pleasure and felt Richard reaching forward trying desperately to unclasp my bra.

"Give him a hand, Jilly!" I screamed. Jilly moved fast and freed my breasts, then started teasing and caressing my nipples herself. I could feel my orgasm fast approaching. "Suck my tits, Jilly!" I pleaded. "Suck them nice and hard for me..."

She didn't need to be asked twice and moved her lips to meet my breasts and started sucking frantically. "Ooooh, that's great," I moaned loudly. "I'm coming – I can feel it!" Richard suddenly increased the pace and with a final thrust pulled out his cock and shot an arc of



I'm just giving you a little warning matey, nobody fucks with me!

continued on page 40

pulling the thin material of your dress tight. It's obvious you're wearing no underwear and I can see your nipples poking through. Then you move towards the door and pull me in. I'm flabbergasted, but before I have a chance to say anything you pull your dress off and drop to your knees.

"You don't have to say a word," you purr sexily. "I know exactly what you want..." You then slowly ease my zip down and pull out my throbbing cock. I gasp as you run your wet tongue over my bell-end, before greedily engulfing my shaft and treating me to an expert blow-job.

I can feel myself coming as you increase the pace, then you jump onto me, wrapping your legs around my waist and easing your tight pussy over my stiff cock. We fuck frantically, before falling in a heap onto the floor. Sounds blissful to me, Helena! Only one problem – I forgot to take any pictures! *– Sean, Windsor*

Oh, I'm sure I could be persuaded to pose for a few filthy snaps after we finished fucking, Sean... You've no idea how good it feels getting my pictures taken, then knowing how horny you blokes – and a few girls too, hopefully – feel when you see them in Club. Believe me, if I look turned on in my photos, then that's because I really was! – ***Helena*** ♣

READERS' LIVES

Lifestyle Correspondent, **Gavin Porter**, tickles the hairy underbelly of London and gets an earful of Angela Rippon...

The Man Fu King Chinese takeaway in Charing Cross Road is the ideal place for London's West End snackers. After visiting one of the classy cinema houses, value-for-money peep shows or Marks & Spencers lingerie counter, you can get a slap-up dinner and still have enough to get you wanked off in King's Cross.

Actually, it's not unfair to say that they are a downmarket establishment. I once saw a little maggot crawling across their display and ran out shouting "Aaargh!" and laughing uproariously. Like you do when you get excited...

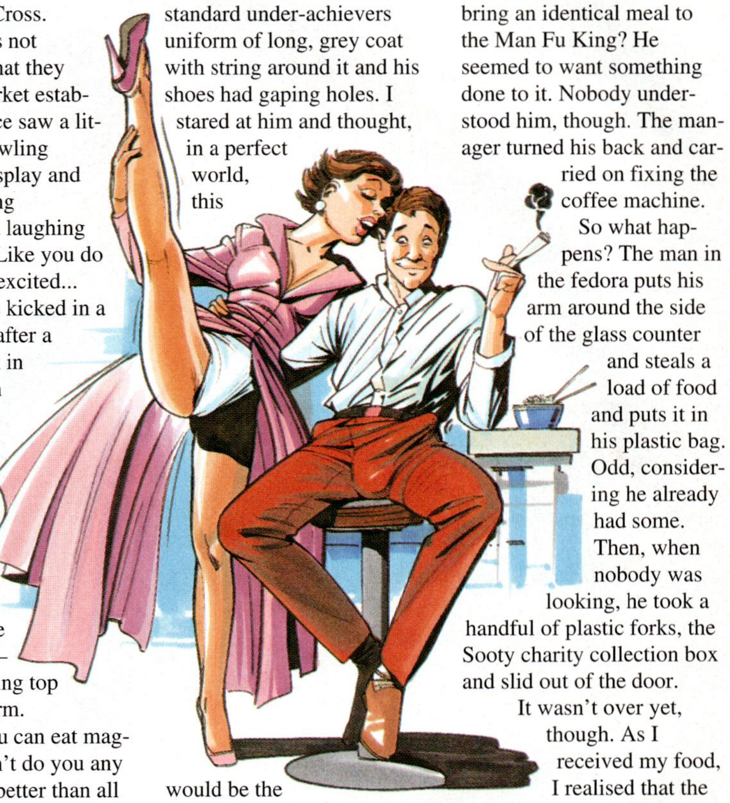
When I once kicked in a shop window after a Chelsea match in Brighton, I ran away shouting "Aaargh!" and laughing uproariously. Sort of the same thing, really. That's how much I like the Man Fu King – as much as being top twat on the Firm.

Anyway, you can eat maggots; they won't do you any harm and it's better than all that foreign muck, isn't it?

My last visit there saw me in a ravenous mood, so I ordered a char sui with rice, washed down with a can of Vimto. The place has now got two seats and two tables, so you can sit down and eat your food on the premises. The food went into the micro, I sat at my table and waited...

I had nothing to read, so I listened to the piped music instead. It was LBC and it was six in the evening, so it was Angela Rippon's spot; a diet of financial forecasts and traffic announcements. I've always fancied Angela Rippon. In fact, I spent my teenage years indulging in a fiesta of five-knuckle shuffling as I reminisced over her legendary appearance on *The Morecambe and Wise Show*. It was nice to hear a comforting, some would say, sexy voice.

A homeless man wandered in. His face was all turned up towards the polystyrene ceiling, his eyes scooped backwards into the blackness of his skull. He stank of piss, dripped of something worse and was obviously sick in the head. He wore the standard under-achievers uniform of long, grey coat with string around it and his shoes had gaping holes. I stared at him and thought, in a perfect world, this would be the fate of Noel Edmonds.



A really fat bloke walked in and stood next to the homeless chap. He looked away when I smiled at him.

A black bloke walked in. He was about 40-years-old, wearing a bright purple scarf, a black fedora, a long black raincoat and lots of jewellery. Around his waist he had a silver chain with a couple of keys on it. "Twat," I thought, but resisted the temptation to shout it out loud. I might have drowned out Angela's erotic tones.

I spent many years five-knuckle-shuffling over Angela Rippon

At this point, the manager went out to the back of the shop and the man with the fedora turned to me and spoke a few words. Words! I smiled benignly and he seemed very appeased. I'm a good judge of character...

The manager came back and proceeded to dart around the shop like a 15-year-old on a dodgy pill, before fixing up a brand-new coffee machine. Very upmarket. I sat back and let Angela Rippon talk filth in my ear.

The man in the fedora started a conversation with the only female staff member. It soon became a bit agitated. Then suddenly, like a magician producing a rabbit from a hat, he pulled out one of their meals from his plastic bag. Confusing. Why bring an identical meal to the Man Fu King? He seemed to want something done to it. Nobody understood him, though. The manager turned his back and carried on fixing the coffee machine.

So what happens? The man in the fedora puts his arm around the side of the glass counter and steals a load of food and puts it in his plastic bag. Odd, considering he already had some. Then, when nobody was looking, he took a handful of plastic forks, the Sooty charity collection box and slid out of the door.

It wasn't over yet, though. As I received my food, I realised that the man in the fedora had forgotten his umbrella. I popped my head out of the door and shouted. He came back laughing and snapped the umbrella from my hand. Then he carried on down the road, laughing as he went. I couldn't understand why. A small crowd began to gather... It was then that I looked down.

I have a Levi's button fly and always wear boxer shorts. The protracted thoughts of Angela had sent an erection the size of a cucumber bursting through my fly and was saluting the crisp, evening air in the middle of Charing Cross Road. Penis al fresco, char sui and rice in hand, I frantically made my way home.

Some people make such a mess of their lives, I thought... ♣

SHE'S ALL YOURS!

Lucy

Photographs by
Jack Harrison

Just before my mate Susie went on holiday last week she rang me up and asked me to step into her shoes.

"I'll try anything once!" I told her. "Although there won't be much room for both of us, will there?" But then Susie explained she wanted me to take over from her as a cocktail waitress...

"Course I will," I said. "Then I can have as many Slow Comfortable Screws Against The Wall as I can handle!" So that night I went down to Shaggers, dolled myself up in all the gear and started waiting on tables. I picked it up really quickly and soon found out it was much better to wait on the tables where customers were sitting!

I spotted this gorgeous hunk who called me over and asked if I could give him a good look at my tits. I told him we didn't do a cocktail like that, and besides, I was too busy trying to get another bloke a pair of my skimpy knickers.

But what a night! I was giving out Sex On The Beach, A Quick Grope In The Lift, Bonks On The Settee and my phone number like crazy as I ran around seeing to everyone. And at the end of the night I was so pissed, that when the manager asked if I fancied a double Between The Sheets, I said I'd love one — the next thing I knew I was back at his place getting a stiff one down my throat! Brilliant or what?

Lucy x

If you want LUCY to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

LETTERS TO Lucy

Dear Lucy,
I've been studying at Lancaster University for over a year now and during that time I've eagerly followed your sexy exploits in Club. My favourite set of photographs saw you dressed as a teacher (Vol 22 No 12), so you won't be surprised to learn that I've used that as the basis for my naughty daydreaming during boring lectures!

I've been lagging behind in my studies, so when you offer me some extra tuition there's no way that I can possibly refuse. I turn up at the staff room to find you sitting alone at a desk wearing a short black skirt, black stockings and a thin white blouse. You peer over from behind a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles and ask me to take a seat. "You seem to be distracted, Mark," you whisper sexily. "Let's see what we can do to make it better, shall we?"

You walk out from behind the desk and slowly take off your blouse to reveal a lacy bra that barely covers your boobs. Then you take off your skirt, leaving only a pair of tiny knickers that show off your curvy bum.

You bend over the desk and ease your panties to one side. What are you waiting for?" you ask. "You don't think I asked you in here to look at books? C'mon, I'm all yours!" I quickly take off my trousers and boxers and position myself behind you. You reach around, grab my cock and slowly guide me inside your tight snatch. We fuck for ages, both coming at the same time and then... Well that's when the bell for the end of lessons usually goes off! *– Mark, Lancaster*

Then it would be back to my place to resume the rest of our sexy studies, Mark! I reckon I could get you an A pass in your oral studies; and as for your biology – well, the mind boggles!

Dear Lucy,
After seeing your pictures in Club (Vol 23 No 4), I just had to write in and compliment you on how great they were.

You looked absolutely stunning dressed in tight jodphurs with a riding crop in your hand – I was even tempted to pack in my office job in the City and head off to join the horsey set in Hampshire! Instead, I imagined what would happen if you appeared in Canning Town where I play Sunday league football...

The game is due to start any minute and I'm alone in the changing-room lacing up my boots, when I hear singing coming from the shower. I stick my head in and can hardly believe my eyes...

You're standing there under the warm spray, directing the shower head between your legs. You catch sight of me and a smile slowly spreads across your face, then you invite me to join you.

You drop to your knees and begin to soap up my hard shaft – gently caressing my balls and teasing them with the shower head. I can soon feel myself coming and you speed up the pace until my back arches and I shoot my load.

It would have been the first time that I've been pulled off before the game even started! And how about the two of us going into extra-time? *– Paul, London*

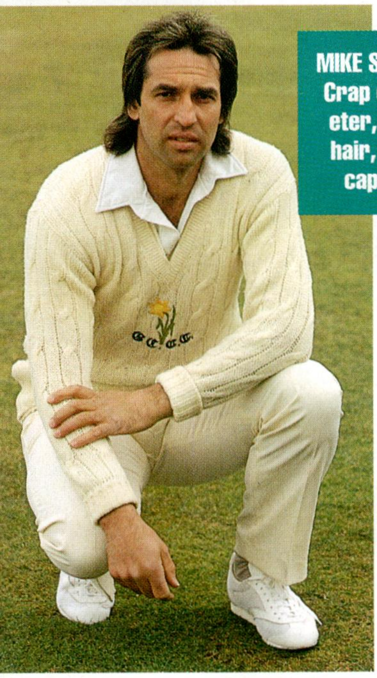
I can bet we wouldn't have to wait for ninety minutes before we scored either, Paul!

I'd take you into the changing rooms and we'd get dried off, before I leant over the physio's bench and started to give your love muscle a real workout. I reckon that would really have the crowd jumping to their feet, don't you?!
*– **Lucy*** ♣

FROZEN TO THE CORRR!

How does an Eskimo pass those long winter nights? This and other crap questions tackled by **Maurice Short**

Over the years this column has done more than its fair share when it comes to bringing obscure sports into the wider public gaze. I've cast my eyes over Bandy, the oddly-named Swedish ice hockey variant; taken a peek at bicycle polo, the sport for which the Irish hold the only Olympic Gold medal ever awarded; given more than a passing glance to Kabbadi, the bizarre Indian variant of British Bulldog which combines the strength and agility of all-in wrestling with the breathing skills of grand opera and whose star player Balwhinder Singh – according to one Indian newspaper – "intimidates his opponents by slapping his big thighs" (scary, I'm sure you'll agree) and I've given a cursory nod in the direction of Ultimate, the new-age frisbee game in which there is no physical contact and the players act as their own referees (for some reason it's never caught on in Liverpool). Yes, I think I've plugged some pretty arcane, wacky and totally demented sports over the years, but this month I shall dwell on something beyond the experience of all but the most hard-bitten seeker of weirdness: Rugby League.



MIKE SELVEY: Crap cricketer, crap hair, crap caption

Only joking. In fact, I thought you'd like to hear about Aqsaqtuk. This sounds, I know, like a word for a DIY vasectomy, but turns out to be the Eskimos' favourite sporting pastime. A drawing in my possession, which was executed by a Baffin Islander (and before you say, 'I'm surprised he could Baff and draw at the same time'; I should point out that Baffin is the name of the Island and not some sexual act.), shows the kagool-clad Eskimos encircling a little black dot and looking for all the world like a group of groundhoppers homing in on a rare non-League programme. What is apparently going on here is an ancient version of soccer played out on an ice and snow pitch using a ball stuffed with moss and caribou hair. The length of the pitch varies – and can be up to ten miles long, so the likelihood of any end-to-end stuff seems limited. According to the book in which I discovered this amazing game, 'the size of the pitch accounts for the defensive nature of the game'.

Personally I think it's rubbish. What really accounts for the lack of attacking thrills is the fact that the game is played between two teams of men and women, usually divided along marital lines, i.e. married versus singles. This obviously results in a stalemate since the married couples are too busy arguing over strategy to bother with the ball, whilst the old widows, embittered spinsters and saddo trainspotters who make up the other side are so incompetent they can't exploit the situation.

MONICA SELES: Pssst! Look behind you...

Anyone wishing to see a game of Aqsaqtuk played live in Northern Canada should contact the Canadian Tourist Board, then go and have their head examined.

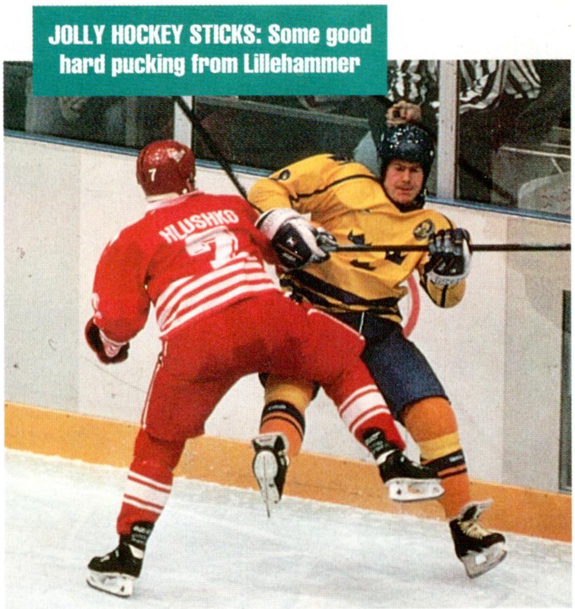
● Whilst on the subject of obscure sports, my attention has recently been drawn to the All-Australian Beer Belly Championships. When presenting the first prize (120 bottles of beer, naturally), the Australian politician Russell Hinze commended the competitors with the immortal words, 'This shows we're not a load of bloody queers'. No, mate, just a load of fat bastards.

● The warm up for Wimbledon starts this month with the French Open. Sadly, it is Wimbledon the tennis tournament, rather than Wimbledon FC we're talking about here. Which is a pity, really, because the prospect of Vinnie Jones taking on Andre Agassi is quite an appealing one: 'Call for some balls, why don't you, fat boy?!' The tennis world is still waiting to find out if Monica Seles will be sufficiently recovered to take part. The mad Kraut who attacked her said he did so because he wanted a fellow German (Steffi Graf) to be number one in the world. I suppose we should be grateful he wasn't British. I mean, imagine the carnage that would have involved.

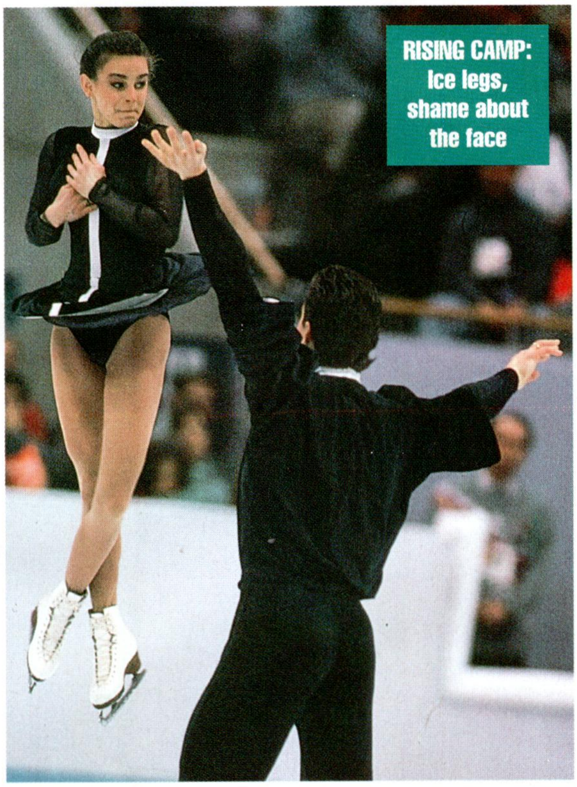
● Petanque is a game popular with the French who can often be seen during the evening in their native land hurling metal balls around the car parking areas of provincial towns.

Contrary to what I had always believed, it seems that the main aim of the game is not to dent the hired cars of British tourists, but to land your ball as near to the jack as possible. Like Pernod, black tobacco and rabies, petanque would be best left in France, but sadly those twittering middle-class twats who insist that all things Gallic are 'formidable, darling' have now succeeded in importing it to the UK and the first British Petanque Championship is held this month. But I'm not going to tell you where.

Ironically it seems that the French bourgeoisie rather frown on petanque, regarding it as terribly low-class and vulgar. Maybe the Parisian equivalent of the Hampstead set will soon be returning from trips to Angleterre with the boots of their Renaults stuffed full of dartboards, dominoes and shove ha'penny tables and Jocky Wilson will become



JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS: Some good hard pucking from Lillehammer



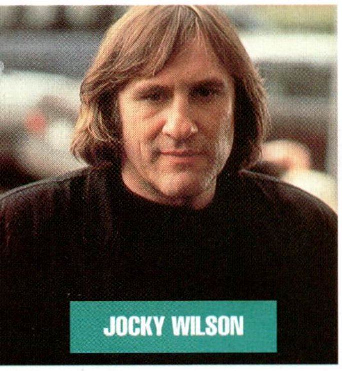
RISING CAMP: Ice legs, shame about the face the British Depardieu. After all, Jocky does have a certain 'je ne sais quoi'.

● English cricket seems to have sunk to an all-time low (and not for the first time). This lead me to consider the all-time worst possible England line-up. A quick glance through the record book left me with this decidedly unformidable eleven. All the players played in at least three tests. The figures after their names are their respective batting and bowling averages:

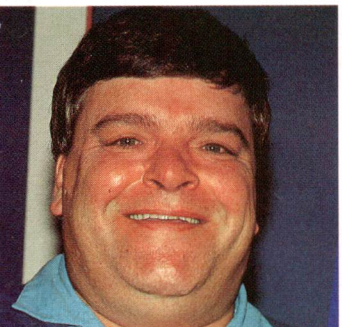
1. DV Smith, 8.3
2. Hon. Ivo Bligh, 10.3
3. GD Barlow, 4.25
4. Lord Hawke, 7.9
5. EG Hayes, 10.75
6. GB Studd, 4.4
7. HR Butt, (wkt), 7.33 – 2 victims in 3 tests.
8. JA Flavell, 7.75 and 52.42
9. MWW Selvey, 7.2 and 57
10. H Howell, 7.5 and 79.9
11. TB Mitchell, 5.0 and 62.

If they played to their averages, this team would score 81 runs and bowl out their opponents for 630. Mmm... come to think of it, that's better than the current team, isn't it?

● P.S. If you're wondering what those two pictures of ice skaters are doing at the top of the page when they're not even referred to in the article, it's because finding snaps of people playing Aqsaqtuk is like trying to find a smile on Nigel Mansell's mug. ♣



JOCKY WILSON



GERARD DEPARDIEU

melanie

Photographs by Roberto Rocchi

It's official. Newcomer Melanie is a total babe. A quick poll amongst the disco-dancing staff at Club HQ has revealed that the 19-year-old DJ is the hottest thing to emerge from New York since David Morales picked up

his first Dansette...

"Thank you very much," squealed Melanie excitedly, "but I wanted to show off my other attributes!"

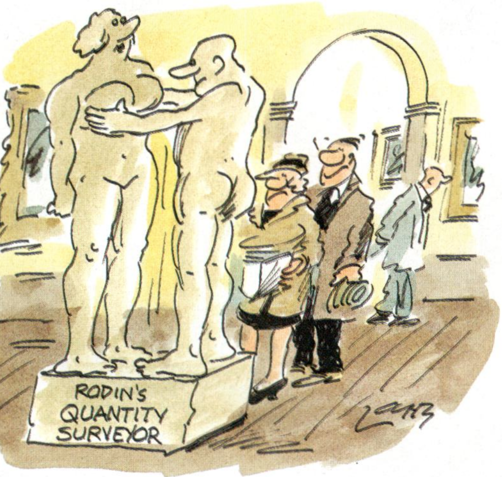
And staying true to her word, the mistress of the wheels of steel proceeded to pout and pose her way through the sexiest set of pictures we've seen in a long time.

"I think I look pretty good in these pictures," she boasted proudly. "What do you think, guys?" ♣

continued from page 27

spunk all over my bum cheeks and onto my back. Jilly rushed forward and clamped her lips around Richard's cock and milked him of every last drop of his spunk. His face was contorted with pleasure as Jilly worked her expert lips up and down his cock.

Jilly then turned her attentions back to me and kissed me passionately. I could taste Richard's spunk as our tongues explored each other's mouth. I could hardly believe I was doing this – it's true that Jilly and I were always very close, yet this was something completely different – but I was feeling so turned on.



I started to gently caress her boobs through the thin material of her tee-shirt, feeling her nipples hardening to points under the ministrations of my fingertips. Jilly smiled, then yanked her tee-shirt off over her head and her large breasts fell free.

Richard was sitting back in a chair now, his cock hardening again at the sight in front of him and he started slowly running his fingers up and down his thick length. "Just watch this," I told him. "This will really get you hard!"

My mouth moved onto Jilly's tits and I clamped my wet lips around her nipples and started sucking as hard as I could. I was breathless with lust as I eased her long legs apart, unbuttoned her jeans and then eased my hand inside her knickers. Jilly had her eyes closed tightly as I ran my finger along her wet slit and then dipped it inside. "Oooh, frig me, Rebecca," she moaned. "I want you to frig me..."

"Frig you?" I whispered. "I'm going to fuck you." With that I reached over to my bag on the table and pulled out my dildo. "You never know when this will come in handy! Just lie back and relax..."

I quickly pulled Jilly's jeans down to her ankles and practically tore off her knickers. She smiled as I gently fingered her pussy hole, easing apart her lips and then slowly sliding in the dildo. "Come over here and watch, Richard," I said. He dropped to his knees beside Jilly and watched entranced as I nuzzled the dildo in and out of her cunt.

I could feel each thrust rasping along her wet pussy walls, then as I speeded up the pace, Richard moved up and offered his thick cock to Jilly's mouth. She started sucking his dick in time with my thrusts, then tugged hard on his heavy balls as she came. It was magnificent! Jilly's hips lifted right off the floor as she shuddered to an intense orgasm, then Richard shot his load down her throat. Talk about perfect timing!

The night didn't end there though, in fact things got much naughtier! I ended up sitting on Richard's face while he got well and truly fucked by Jilly! We had to practically carry the poor boy out of the bedroom by morning. It was certainly a night to remember!

After that? Let's just say that Jilly and I got to know

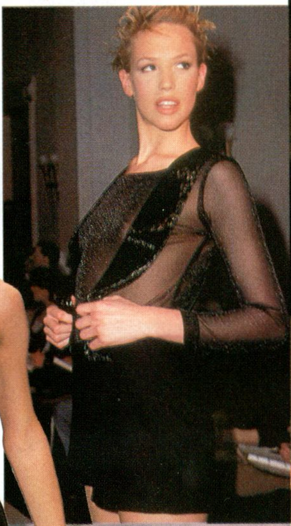
continued on page 90

TOPLESS COVER-UP!

The catwalks are packed with models in the buff, but still girls dress to go out. Our patience, like this excuse to put in these sexy snaps, is wearing thin...

Remember the last time you were in the supermarket stocking up on Chicken Tonight and you noticed that the girl next to you was wearing fifteen-inch platform heels, fake fur bikini bottoms and fuck all else? 'Course you don't, because it never bloody happens. But open the pages of any women's magazine like Vogue or Cosmopolitan and the pages are positively packed with girls walking around in next-to-nothing, acting as though they always pop out for some fags in a bondage bra and no knickers. Well, quite frankly, this pisses us off big time! Not because we think the clothes shown on the catwalks of Paris, Milan and London are impractical or silly, but because we never seem to run into any girls not wearing them.

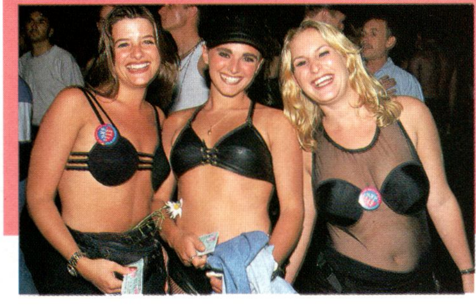
Let's face it, someone must be buying these revealing little numbers by designers like John

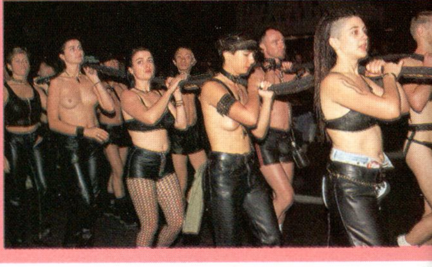


Hot couture: Supermodels dare to bare on the catwalk but the boobs go back in and the knickers go back on when they hit the streets

HAVING A GAY OL' TIME!

It seems like months ago that the streets of Sydney, Australia, were lined with lezzies baring their boobs for the Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras, and that's because it was. But just in case that you missed it, or you just fancy a reminder of what this sexual spectacle looked like, then here's a couple of pictures. Looks like fun, doesn't it?! ♣





Frills and furbelows: It seems our women can't bare wearing them!

Galliano and wacky Vivienne Westwood, but where are they? All the women we see in the high-street have their bodies hidden under multiple layers of linen and mountainous woolies. And the only bare breasts on show are the ones in the local butcher's window.

So what we want to know, girls, is when you're going to start taking fashion seriously and get your tits out for the lads?

It's cheaper than buying a Wonderbra and you'll be the trendiest babes in town – honest! ♣

interview

STAR SPOT

She's the sexiest woman in pop and makes Madonna look like Mother Theresa. **Lisa Lisa** talks dirty to Club

If you cast your mind back ten years or so, you may remember a seriously sexy 16-year-old Lisa Chavez singing *I Wonder If I Take You Home* on *Top Of The Pops*. Known better as Lisa Lisa, the mega-shaggable Latin beauty from New York had a string of chart hits and a major wad of cash from her times with cult dance band, Full Force. She was like Gloria Estefan, only much sexier. Now her royal curvaciousness has gone solo, in more ways than one...

“I haven’t had sex in 15 months,” she tells us proudly . “Sure I could have as many men as I want, but I’ve done all that.”

Really?

“Well, I went out with someone from the age of 14 to 20, split from him and then married someone else a year later when I was 21 years old,” she explains.

“Unfortunately, I married a fool. He couldn’t cope with me earning more than him and being the centre of attention.”

Of course, as sensible people know, these young marriages are fucking daft and Lisa split with her jealous husband – a body builder – a couple of years later. What an idiot he must have been. He marries a girl who is wealthy, sexy, famous and bright – and he actually got pissed off with it. What man in their right mind wouldn’t like to be kept by someone as lip-smackingly gorgeous as Lisa Lisa? Anyway, three years later now 26 years old, Lisa has plenty of, err, experience...

“I could go home right now and see someone I wanted to fuck,” she says. “And if that’s what I wanted then I would ask him. I always make sure that men I like know what’s happening. I guess I wear my heart on my sleeve. It’s just that I’m sensitive too and I don’t want to get hurt again, but I do want to be in love.”

Well, that sounds fair enough to us, Lisa.

“I’ve never been shy about sex,” she adds. “Let me tell you a story. There was this guy who I knew for years, he was in the music business. After I split from my husband, he was telling me what a great pussy-eater he was and how he’d love to go down on me. He just wouldn’t leave the subject alone. So we went out for dinner one night, things felt right and so I said, ‘Well, come on then – let’s do it, honey...’”

‘This guy couldn't eat a girl to save his life. He actually sucked my pussy!’

Nurse, pass the beta blockers please!

“... But let me tell you, if you’re gonna talk a real good fuck, then you gotta do it right. What can I say? The guy was a liar, he couldn’t eat pussy to save his life. He sucked, man. He actually sucked my pussy – can you believe that?! What I want is someone gentle, someone who takes a long time and who can please a woman. Gently... slowly... using his tongue, you know what I mean?”

When we managed to wheel our interviewer back in from the local hospital after a minor coronary, the conversation continued...

“You know, men can either make a woman come or they can’t – it’s as simple as that. The fact is that a lot of men are just out for themselves and don’t know or don’t care how to make a woman feel turned on.”

But is there a secret to it, Lisa? What are your tips? *(For the readers, of course... – The Ed.)*

“I like men who are gentle, but aggressive. I like them to be aggressive in what they want and how to go about getting it, but gentle physically and mentally.”

A kind of New Age hunter, perhaps?

“Sort of, but you’ve got to find a man who isn’t intimidated by a powerful woman too. They have to take me as an equal, I’m just as powerful as any man. I got as much dick as they have and if they don’t like that, then they are in the shit. That is probably one reason why I don’t have a boyfriend at the moment, men are too scared of me and they want it really easy. I don’t know really, I tend to act on instinct and try not to listen to my head. If I see something, or someone, I want then I have to have it.”

Well, Lisa, you know where to find us... ♣

Photographs by Scott Evans

jemma

If you thought that Only Fools And Horses *made Peckham a laughing stock, then let us introduce you to its less famous resident, Jemma. The 20-year-old has been bringing more smiles to the faces of South Londoners than the BBC sitcom ever did and her love of*

short skirts and high heels leaves men with a bigger plonker that Rodney Trotter...

"Dressing sexily is a turn on for me too," says Jemma, who's making her second appearance in Club. "Just sliding a pair of silk panties on has my pussy aching to be

pampered."

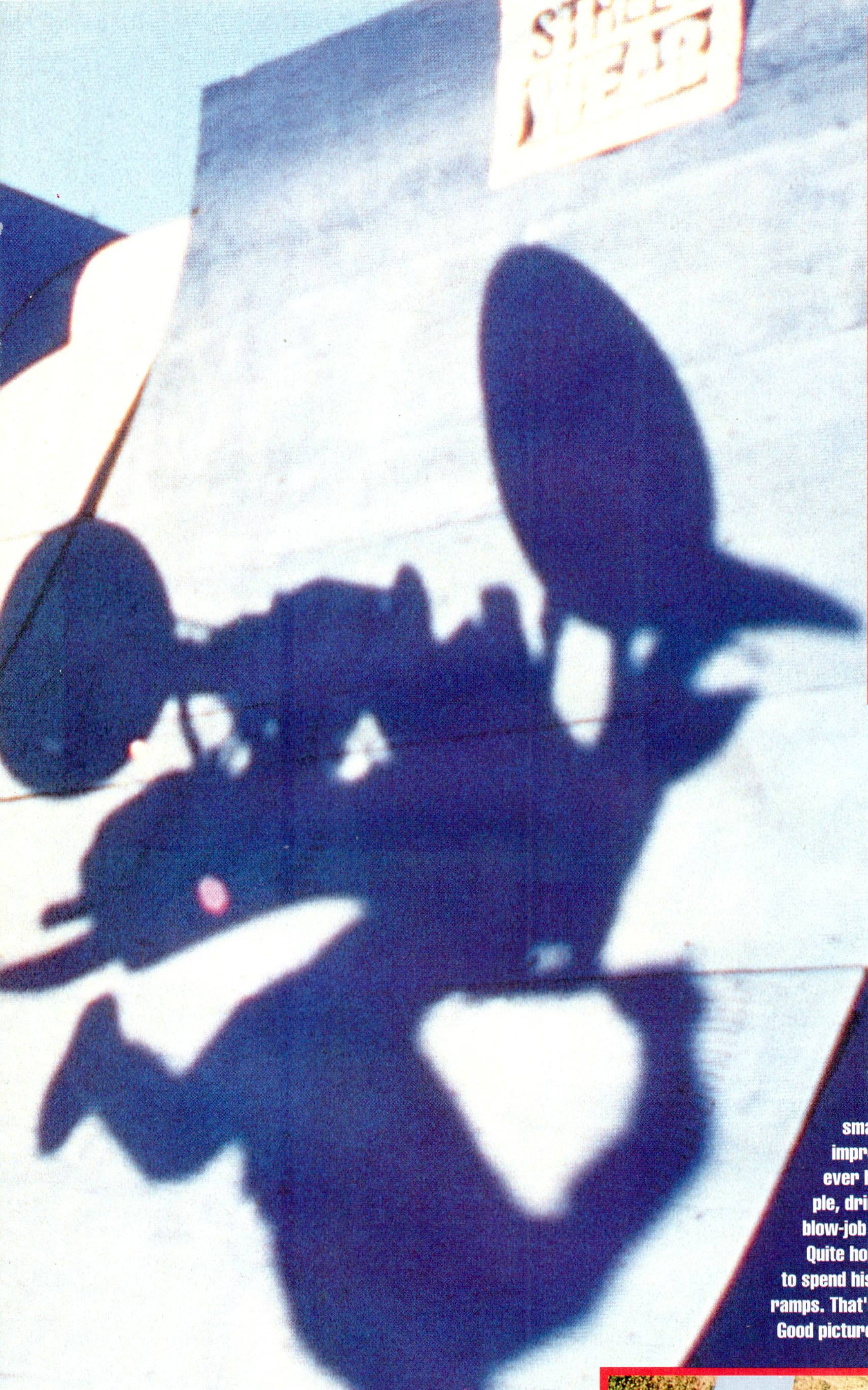
And her favourite treat?

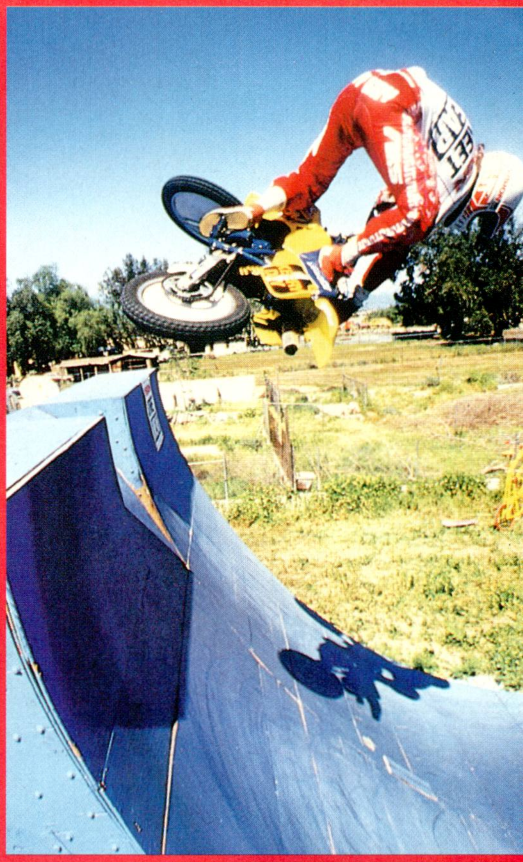
"Hmmm, a slow, gentle tongue licking my lips and flicking my clit," she replies dreamily. "There! Now look what you've done... I'm going to have to change my knickers again!" ♣

club
jemma

AAAARR RRGGGH HHH!

VISION STREET WEAR
KERRY DAY
VISION STREET WEAR



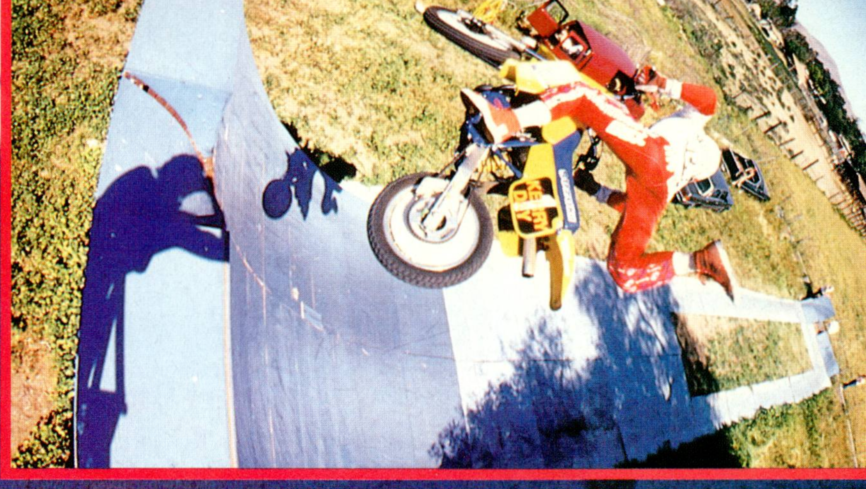


When skateboarders get board with skating they get into bikes. But instead of doing what most bikers would do and ride their Suzukis on the pavement mowing down pensioners, ex-boarders ride their bikes up 15-foot high ramps straight into the air.

Apparently it took more than two months to build the ramp that helps hurl madman Kerry Day over 20 feet into the sky above his home in Santa Monica, California... Two months that he could have spent getting drunk, having fights and getting laid.

I'm sorry, but I've just about had it with these smart-arsed bastards who think that they're going to impress people by breaking their fucking necks. What ever happened to real sports like picking on small people, drinking ten pints of lager and lying about getting a blow-job from the babe behind the bar?

Quite honestly, I couldn't give a flying fuck if Mr Day likes to spend his spare time pratting about on motorbikes and ramps. That's his business and he should keep it to himself. Good pictures though, eh?! ♣



Kim

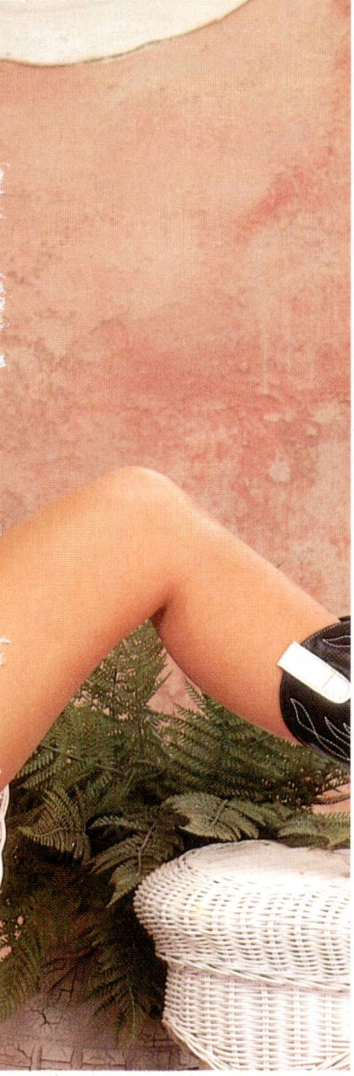
Just look what the Scots mist! Edinburgh-born beauty Kim is down in London studying fashion at the capital's top college and is hoping that all you fellas have designs on her! "I've never been on the catwalk

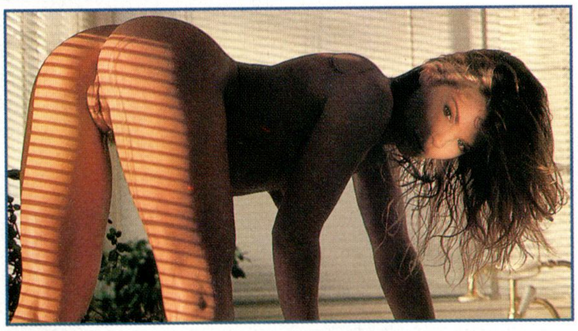
Photographs by Viv Thomas

myself," admits the naughty 19-year-old. "But that's only because I know I couldn't keep my clothes on for long! I mean, what girl in her right mind is going to keep a

stitch on when you've got all those people looking at you! Not me, for starters..."

Quite right too, Kim! ♣





talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

FISHING FOR FLESH

If you thought that fishing was boring and that the only tackle you'd ever be likely to see was on the end of a fishing line, then you'd better think again! And if your sex life has been a bit on the flaccid side of late, then maybe it's time you dusted your rod and got out there!

My name's Patsy and although I'm 21 and a (very) big girl, it was an old boyfriend who first got me into angling. Terry and I used to spend the occasional Sunday sitting down at the local lake, chatting and hoping for a nibble. Thankfully, I hooked more than just a tiddler and I soon got the bug! To be honest, poor old Terry was a bit naive and couldn't really understand why I became hooked on fishing...

You see, every time we went down to the lake I noticed another chap sitting quietly, reading his book and occasionally checking his line. I remember being intrigued by him, not only because he didn't seem to want to socialise with any of the other anglers, but mainly because he was young, fit and very good-looking. I used to sit on the river bank in a day-dream, fantasising about the two of us having a good bonk by the water; his young dick pistoning hard in and out of my warm pussy as I screamed my way through an intense orgasm. It got to the point where I was actually dragging Terry out at weekends to go fishing, just so I could see my handsome hunk. Naturally, that was no good. What I really wanted was the genuine article, so I resolved to go fishing alone, and approach him with a view to blurting out something off-the-cuff and not a little saucy.

By the time my trip arrived, I was a nervous wreck; my mouth dry at the very thought of being entangled in some filthy sex with this stranger. And when I finally saw him I didn't feel much better. Still, I'd made my mind up and I was bloody well going to see it through.

"Err, I've been watching you fishing here for a few weeks now and, well, I was wondering if you're as horny as you look..." I couldn't believe I'd actually said it, but the guy hardly blinked an eyelid!

"If you'd care to accompany me to the park-keeper's hut, I'd be happy to show you," he grinned, his blue eyes twinkling with mischief. Oh God! He'd called my bluff and there were only two choices; go along with him or risk total humiliation! My damp pussy told me which course to follow.

Taking one of my tits in his mouth, he started to work at the sensitive bud of my nipple

I trailed behind him towards the hut and followed him in. "Take off your top, I want to see your tits," he said boldly. I pulled off my thick jumper and unclipped my black lace bra, letting my formidable breasts fall free. He lowered his head and taking one of my tits in his mouth, started to work at the sensitive bud of my right nipple.

I arched my back and started to move one hand over my other boob, desperately yanking at his flies with my free hand – which wasn't as easy as it sounds considering how hard his dick was pressing against his zip! I eventually managed to free his cock – and what a cock it was! A magnificent member with a massive purple helmet glistening with pre-come. I just had to suck it! I quickly dropped to my knees and I took the full length of his hard shaft down my throat, moving it in and out, slowly at first then quickening the pace as we both got more and more excited.

I could feel his entire body begin to jerk and he bucked his hips and shot a thick wad down my throat. I gulped greedily and made sure I didn't miss a single drop of his creamy load.

I was incredibly turned on and wanted that lovely dick inside me. Struggling in the small space, I managed to get my trousers off with a little help from my new friend who then introduced himself as Max.

"Well, Max, I want you to fuck me hard, okay?" I purred sexily as I lay back on the floor and spread my legs wide, ready to receive a portion of his rapidly-stiffening dick.

I took the full length of his hard shaft down my throat

I really let myself go as he eased his dick inside me, feling sensuous waves of pleasure flow through my body. The feel of his warm tool burrowing deep inside me was incredible and a loud moan escaped my lips.

All of a sudden, the door burst open and there was an older man – the park-keeper judging by his uniform – standing there. When he realised what he had stumbled in on he stood there absolutely transfixed. Then, with a final buck of his hips Max reared up and came. I yelped as a powerful orgasm powered through me.

The other fella's face lit up as he watched me in the throes of orgasm and then darted out of the door with a wide smile on his face! Max and I both started laughing – we'd just been caught red-handed bonking but neither of us cared! We quickly got dressed and then left before things got even more embarrassing for us!

Max and I are now seeing each other regularly but we've decided to give up fishing altogether. I don't think I could ever hook anything as big as his cock, and anyway, I prefer to be shagged in the more discreet location of his flat these days! – *Patsy, Aldershot*

CORNERSHOP COITUS

My name's Clarissa, I'm 19-years-old and I work in a small shop in a suburb of Birmingham. It's nothing fancy – just a family-owned newsagents that I work in at weekends to supplement my wild student lifestyle!

I have to say that one of the main sources of income for the shop, alongside the newspapers, are the girlie mags that grace the top shelf. We have a healthy selection of titles and they always sell well, especially *Club International*. I must admit, I get a great thrill watching the fellas come in and buy them, knowing that they'll be looking at the gorgeous girls inside the magazine a little while later.

About three weeks ago, a young guy of about 20 came into the shop, picked up the new issue of *Club* and quickly headed to the counter to pay for it.

I have to admit that I fancied this guy from the off. His muscles were big and his jeans were nice and tight, displaying the outline of what looked like a healthy cock. I love to have sex, even more so with strangers, and judging by the way he carelessly threw his mag onto the counter I knew he wasn't exactly shy either.

"Like naked women, do we?" I teased, making sure that I leant over the counter just enough for him to see the top of my lacy bra which barely contained my lovely, big tits. "But I bet you prefer the real thing!"

"Yeah, course I do," he replied bluntly. "Especially you, darlin'. I bet you'd look great wearing nothing but a big smile, eh?" I could feel my pussy getting warm and moist with anticipation and my lust got the better of me...

I casually walked around from behind the counter, flipped the sign over to closed, pulled down the blinds and simply bent over the counter, allowing my short skirt to ride up to reveal white silk knickers, black stockings and suspenders. "I'm as good as any of those girls in that magazine," I drawled sexily and quickly pulled my knickers to one side. "Do you reckon you could satisfy a real woman?"

He didn't need to be asked twice, unzipping his fly in an instant and releasing a thick cock that was already hard and ready for action.

My cunt was so wet that when he guided his dick between my love-lips, he slid in effortlessly with a single stroke and started pump-

VIRGIN SECRETARIES BANANA ORGY
0898 461 973 & 010 6776 7025

SPUNK IN MY FACE
0898 461 976
010 6776 7028

I'LL WANK YOU TO CLIMAX
0898 461 977
010 6776 7029

YOUR COCK BETWEEN MY LIPS
0898 461 974 &
010 6776 7026

LET'S MASTURBATE
010 6776 7030
0898 461 978

HORNY 19yr OLD WANTS KINKY SORDID SEX
0898 461 975 & 010 6776 7027

Baby Sitter (19) will Wank you
0898 461 979 and
010 6776 7031

SHAVE ME, SPANK ME, SHAG ME !
0898 461 984 and
010 6776 7036

Insert my Dildo up my Fanny
0898 461 980
& 010 6776 7032

F**K ME FROM BEHIND
0898 461 981
& 010 6776 7033

MISTRESS WILL SPANK YOUR ARSE
0898 461 982
& 010 6776 7034

Hear Tracy (18) Masturbate Sharon (25)
0898 461 983 and 010 6776 7035

I'll Swallow Your Spunk
0898 461 954 and 010 6776 7030

AS WELL AS OUR 0898 YOU CAN NOW CALL OUR NEW NUMBERS FOR EVEN HARDER SEX ACTION
GO ON SPUNK UP MY FANNY
0898 461 949 &
010 6776 7025

HEAR ME MASTURBATE MY WET PUSSY
0898 461 955 &
010 6776 7031

PUMP MY FANNY FROM BEHIND
0898 461 956 &
010 6776 7032

OLDER WOMAN TAKES TWO HARD COCKS
0898 461 957 &
010 6776 7033

IN MY MOUTH & UP MY PUSSY
0898 461 958 &
010 6776 7034

HORNY WIFE WILL SUCK YOU OFF
0898 461 950 &
010 6776 7026

SPUNK OVER MY BIG TITS
0898 461 951 &
010 6776 7027

19yr OLD VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK
0898 461 952 &
010 6776 7028

SLUT SUCKS YOUR MEATY HORN
0898 461 953 &
010 6776 7029

WIFE SPANKS SECRETARY AS SHE SUCKS BOSS
0898 461 959 &
010 6776 7035

2 GUYS 1 GIRL = HARD PORNO ACTION
0898 461 960 &
010 6776 7036

MAID LICKS OUT MISTRESS
0898 461 961 &
010 6776 7037

Readers Hard Porn Confessions
0898 461 962 and 010 6776 7038

ing me hard. I could scarcely draw breath; I was so excited and turned on by the fact that I was being rogered right in the middle of the shop. It all felt so deliciously dirty and I was more turned on that I'd ever felt before.

Not missing a single stroke as he bucked and thrust his hips, he managed to quickly pull my top down and unclip my bra so that my 36D tits fell free; the nipples standing proud and ready to be caressed.

John (I was too busy for introductions, but found out his name later!) obviously wanted to have a better look at my boobs, because he quickly withdrew his cock and turned me over, before expertly slipping his thick length back inside me to finish the job!

After a couple of minutes of me screaming out commands to him to fuck me even harder and faster, John triggered the most intense climax that I had ever experienced and then shot his load deep inside me. Heaven!

I was still in post-coital ecstasy when my trance was broken by the sound of clapping. To be honest, it didn't actually register for a moment, but then a feeling of complete horror shot right through me. My boss! My boss had actually walked into the shop through the back door and had been watching the whole thing!

I pushed John away and began to struggle back into my clothes, apologising profusely and blushing bright red into the bargain. But Alan merely laughed and congratulated me on my fine performance. "I always knew that you were a horny little thing, Clarissa. That's why I gave you the job in the first place... all the fellas love to get an eyeful of you in here. Me included!"

Realising that Alan wasn't in the slightest bit annoyed, I giggled sheepishly, dropped my clothes to the floor so that all I was wearing was my high heels, stockings and suspenders and walked over to him. I deftly unzipped his flies and out popped a thick, meaty dick. "Oooh, that's what I like to see," I giggled.

I knelt down on the floor, positioned myself between the two of them and began to vigourously wank the guys together while eagerly flicking my tongue over both of their swollen, purple heads and lapping at their hairy balls. That certainly seemed to do the trick and within seconds both guys bucked their hips and then shot their loads together – this time all over my face! I love the taste of spunk and I lapped greedily at all that gorgeous come until there wasn't a single drop left.

I leant back on the counter and instructed Alan to give me the benefit of his experience. His dick responded quickly and once again I had the sheer pleasure of getting fucked in my place of work. Believe me, there's nothing like it and I'd certainly recommend it!

I came with a shudder just as Alan shot another wad deep inside me and the two of us collapsed onto the counter, exhausted but very happy.

Both guys shot their loads together – this time all over my face...

Of course, John has been more than happy to visit the shop since then and has even brought along a few of his mates too. I haven't had sex with any of them yet, but by the look in their eyes I know exactly what they're thinking – they fancy their chances of fucking me in the shop as well! Alan is happy too, profits are up and the shop is always busy...

If I do decide to share myself with any of the others, you'll be the first to know about it! – *Clarissa, Birmingham*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

HOLIDAY HUMPING

They say that diamonds are a girl's best friend and a real aphrodisiac, but I'm not so sure. If my 19 years on the planet are anything to go by, then I'd have to opt for the sun and the sea, 'cos whenever I've been on holiday I've found that you end up having the best sex, with the most outrageous people, in the sauciest places. And let's face it, anything that gets a young, horny babe close to a fuckable fella is alright by me!

Mind you, I'd don't seem to have too much trouble getting it at home either. My mates can't believe that I've never had a boyfriend, especially as I'm tall with long, blonde hair and a set of boobs that I've been told are 'too suckable by half'.

The point is, why would you want a boyfriend? Rows about this, arguments about that – I just don't need the bloody headache! No, if I see a bloke that I fancy when I'm out a club, I'd rather just take him out on the fire escape, hitch up my skirt and let him fuck me right there and then!

I rubbed my fingers up and down my aching pussy lips

I'm far too young to be hitched to one guy and I love cock so much that I want to check out as many as I possibly can: thick ones, fat ones, ones with pulsing purple veins – I love 'em all!

Fortunately, there is one girl that I work with, Jean, who sees things the same way. We work in the cosmetics department of a large store and some of the things that we talk about during the day are enough to make a docker blush! And, believe me, it isn't all talk... Jean once sucked off one of the store-room boys under the counter whilst I was serving a customer! That's just the kind of girl she is – friendly and helpful!

Of course, it seemed obvious for us to go away together this year, so we booked a holiday in Spain.

"I'll be so horny by the time I get off the plane I'll have to make sure that I pack a vibrator," giggled Jean as we booked the flights. "I just hope we don't get stopped!"

By the time our tickets arrived we had already decided that we were going to see how many guys we could get through during a week-long stay in Malaga. Not that it was a competition or anything – but we weren't going to pass up any opportunity to suck some cock!

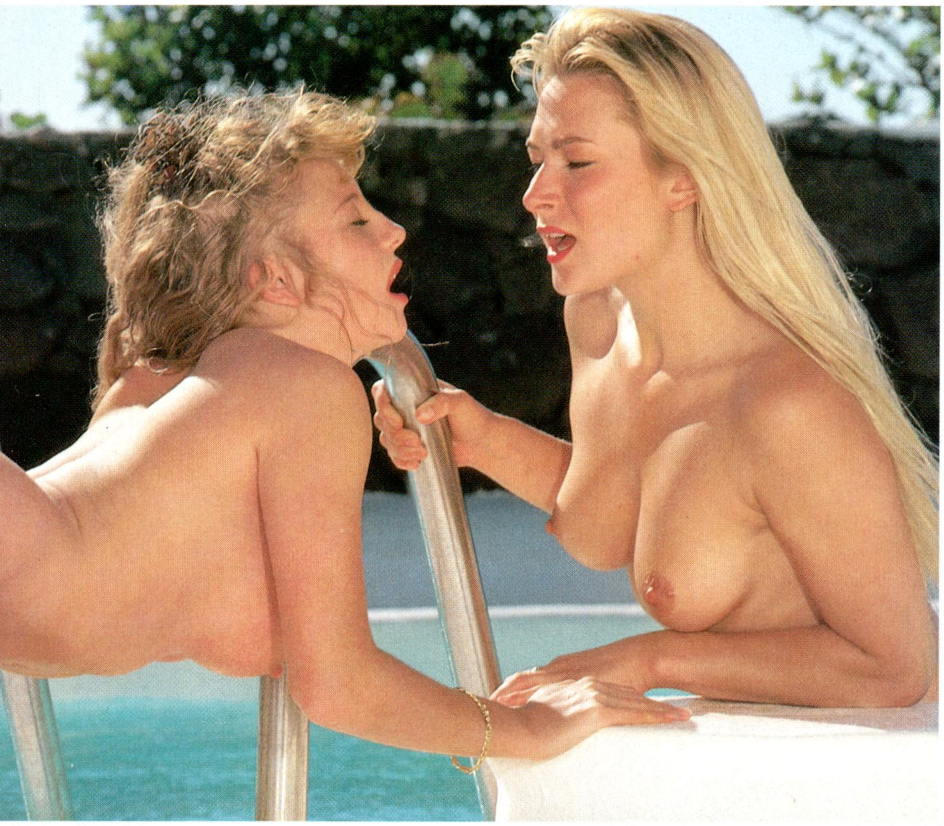
We arrived at our villa at about 9 o'clock in the evening and, after showering and changing, we decided to head out and find a local bar for our first holiday cocktail. And it turned out to be a real cock tale too!

The minute we walked into the place, we gave each other a sly grin. We had both noticed the guy behind the bar. Dark skinned, brown eyes and the sort of muscular chest you'd love to have above you as she slid his big dick hard into your hole!

"Can you make us a couple of strong cocktails?" I asked. "I need something stiff inside me!" He laughed, then introduced himself as Tom, an Aussie with a fine sense of humour and what looked like a cocktail shaker down the front of his shorts! Three cocktails later and we were in the mood to get better acquainted. Tom had to lock up the bar, but was more than happy to come back to our villa and join us for a nightcap of duty-free vodka.

Jean poured the drinks and sat down on his lap, giggling and playing with his long, blond hair. I was feeling so horny that I just couldn't help myself. I think the alcohol had given me Dutch courage, so I stood right up to Tom's face, slipped my hands down my shorts and started rubbing my fingers up and down my aching pussy lips.

"Oooh, Tom," I purred. "Jean and I were wondering if maybe you'd like to fuck both of us and give us a first night to remember?" The look on his face was priceless; a mixture of excitement, bemusement and amazement. Jean, though, didn't even bother to wait for an answer – she lifted her tee-shirt over her head and offered her boobs to Tom. He started to gently caress her tits, tweaking the nipples so expertly that they stood proud in seconds.



I dropped my shorts and tugged my tee-shirt over my head then peeled off my underwear until I stood there naked. Tom put his hand around my hips and pulled me towards his mouth, still working Jean's boobs with his free hand. His tongue darted into my hole with ease and I moaned loudly as he started to flick his tongue around my labia.

Jean pulled his dick from his shorts, all thick and glistening with pre-come and took it into her mouth. The way that the two of them were working on their head technique, you would have thought there was a competition going on. If there was, Jean was winning! Tom's face contorted with pleasure then he released a load down Jean's throat. I looked at her to see a trickle of white spunk dribbling out of the corner of her mouth.

Well, that was just the first course in a banquet of sex. We fucked in every position possible, making Tom come at least three or four times in the next few hours. Not that he seemed to be complaining as he rammed first Jean's pussy and then mine! I was having the time of my life, but all the way through our romp I never touched Jean. You see, we had never made love to each other. I didn't even think about it until that night, but watching her pussy moisten and her big boobs bouncing while she was being fucked by Tom, I realised that I wanted her.

Our first evening had certainly gone with a bang and over breakfast the following morning, we talked incessantly about what a great time we'd had the previous night and how we couldn't wait to do it again. And we wasted no time...

Admittedly, not every night – but almost! We met some fantastic blokes and had some great sex. We met one English lad giving out flyers for one of the clubs and ended up behind the bar giving him and three bartenders blow-jobs as they poured the drinks!

Naturally, we ended up bringing lads back to our villa – we even christened our room 'The Knocking Shop'! We had so much fun that it was hard to believe how soon our last night came around.

As we sat in the bar during the last evening, we talked about what a fantastic time we'd both had. As the cocktails flowed, we got more frank with each other; discussing our best sex, whose dick had been the biggest – the usual kind of thing! When Jean asked me if there was anything (or anyone) I hadn't done, I couldn't help myself. Again, I think the cocktails had got the better of me and I leaned over and whispered "You" quietly in her ear...

At first Jean looked a little shocked, but then a warm smile spread across her face. There seemed to be an understanding between us and we quickly finished our drinks, paid the bill and headed back to our villa.

The sense of anticipation was incredible; my heart was racing and I don't think that I've ever felt as horny. Jean was wearing a sarong and she simply let it fall to the floor, revealing the perfect body that I had often admired. I pulled my shorts

He started to flick his tongue around my wet labia

down, slipped them over my feet, removed my bikini top and then faced Jean, both of us naked. Jean made the first move and took me in her arms and we kissed; her tongue tasted very sweet as she worked it around my mouth. Our boobs were pressed against each other and I could feel my nipples hardening against hers. I pulled away from her and sank to my knees, running my tongue across my lips at the prospect of what I was about to receive.

I rasped my tongue hard along her slit and then deep into her sticky hole

Using my right hand to gently part her lips, I flicked my tongue at her hole, running it around the edge of her labia before pushing it inside her. Jean let out a groan of pleasure and arched her back, allowing me access to her cunt. It was weird tasting a woman's pussy for the first time – I didn't really know what to expect but I loved the sweet taste.

I rasped my tongue hard along her slit and then deep into her hole and Jean's legs started to quiver and she let out a loud moan. I'd made her come! The very thought of giving my best friend an orgasm almost made me come – but I thought I'd better leave that job to Jean!

When she recovered, she laid me back on the bed and told me to close my eyes. I became aware of Jean rummaging around under the bed. "Open up!" she giggled. "And I don't just mean your eyes." I looked up to see Jean standing over me with her vibrator in her hand. She flicked the switch and then began to work it over my body, pressing into my titty flesh and exploring my hole. She knew exactly what to do, bringing me to the very brink of orgasm with her trusty friend and dictating the pace like a real expert. She must have kept working on my hole for at least an hour and I lost count of the number of times that I came.

We never told anyone back home in Glasgow of our last night; only of the blokes we fucked. But now Jean and I sleep together whenever we feel like it! Who knows what'll happen in the future? Maybe one day we'll let one of our male friends join in on the action... Now that would be something to write home about! – *Wendy, Glasgow*

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PLAYING AWAY!

I've always been a bit of a tomboy. I suppose that comes with having grown up in a house with three older brothers. They're all football-mad and so I've always been a keen follower of the game myself. I can't tell you exactly which team I support, otherwise people who know me might work out who this letter is from, let's just say it's one of the big Premier League teams from the West Midlands. The events I'm going to tell you about actually took place at a match, so I know there'll be a few lads out there who'll remember that afternoon.

Perhaps I should describe myself a little first. Although I admit that I'm a tomboy, that doesn't mean that I'm not feminine or attractive. Far from it. In fact, guys are forever ogling me on the terraces! I'm slim, with really firm boobs and when I wear my team's shiny strip (well, the shirt anyway – I think the sight of my long, firm thighs in a clingy pair of this season's shorts might cause a few people to lose concentration on the game!), I make sure that it's always pulled tight over my chest so that my nipples poke through, tantalising every male that catches sight of me. I get a real frisson of excitement when a man looks at me in a sexual way; knowing that as his eyes are watching me, he is mentally undressing me and imagining exactly what my naked body looks like.

It's still not that common for women to go to football matches regularly – and even rarer for there to be two of us. Recently, I've persuaded my best friend Tanya to come along to the ground with me. She's not into football at all, but she does love sex and with so many men around – excuse the pun – even she couldn't fail to score!

I gently touched her moist, warm pussy with my fingers

Anyway, one afternoon last week, Tanya and I made an arresting sight as we took our seats. We were the only females in a big crowd of blokes – and we were loving it! The wolf-whistles and saucy compliments about our lovely boobs and bums were flying back and forth as the pre-match build-up began. I just can't describe how exciting it is for me to get in the middle of a football crowd; the whole thing just makes me feel totally randy.

I should admit right now that Tanya and I have dabbled with each other in bed on the odd occasion. To me, there's nothing wrong with fancying someone of either sex; if you can have a great time in bed with as many orgasms as both of you can manage, why not go for it?

So that day, with all the adrenaline pulsing around our veins, it wasn't long before Tanya and I had our arms around each other, hugging and kissing as the atmosphere of the match built up.

It wasn't long before we realised that a trio of particularly hunky guys behind us weren't paying nearly as much attention to the match as they were to us. A sly gleam came into Tanya's eyes. I know she can never resist putting a show on for the guys. “Why don't we really give them something to cheer about?” she whispered to me, her tongue lightly flicking against the sensitive shell of my ear. I felt her fingers splay over the firm cheeks of my bum. My figure-hugging jeans suddenly felt a little too tight around my pussy. Still staring straight ahead at the action on the pitch, I moved closer to Tanya so that we had our arms around each other and then I turned her around so that she was facing me. The next minute, we were kissing each other passionately, our hands groping and stroking as much as our clothes would allow.

For a moment, I think we both forgot that there was anyone watching us – perhaps it was the added attraction of touching each other in public that made Tanya and I get so carried away, but I just couldn't get enough of her. My hands quickly undid her jacket so that I could fondle her boobs through her thin tee-shirt. I could feel her nipples harden at the soft touch of my fingers around her sensitive areolae. I could tell that she wanted me to suck one, but there? I didn't think I dared.

Tanya had other ideas though. Reaching down, she pulled her jacket off and yanked her tee-shirt above her head so that her naked tits were exposed for everyone to see!

The three blokes behind us were totally distracted from the game. But I loved it. I was literally shivering with arousal, and when I pulled off my team shirt and threw it onto the floor along with my bra, there was a loud cheer from the blokes.

“Let's see you and your friend at it again!” shouted an excited voice from our right. I knew we had an audience and the match was forgotten as my hands dived down the front of Tanya's leggings. I gently touched her moist, warm pussy with my fingers as we snogged even more passionately than before. When my fingers pushed her panties to one side and slipped between her wet, fleshy lips, she leaned against me and her hand pushed its way down the back of my jeans to stroke my bum cheeks. We were about as close together as we could possibly get without actually being naked and in bed!

He had one hand inside my knickers and stroking at my love-slit

I started to stroke rhythmically at Tanya's cunt with my fingers, nudging at her engorged clitty with my thumb as I probed inside her. She was doing the same to me as her lips started to nibble at my neck and the top of my shoulder, one hand now inside my knickers and stroking at my love-slit from behind.

Tanya couldn't hold back any longer. “I'm going to come!” she shrieked, her pussy walls pulsing around my fingers. “You've made me come in front of all these blokes!” And she did, arching her back so that her boobs were pointing right to the roof of the stand and letting a loud moan escape from her mouth. There was no way anyone watching could mistake what was happening to her.

“Now let your friend come too,” urged a voice close behind us, as she panted herself back under control and gazed around her in triumph and satisfaction.

“They want to see you come now,” she whispered to me. “Let's really give them something to cheer about...”

And with that, she lay me on the seats next to us and, before I could say anything, she'd stripped off my jeans and knickers. I was totally naked – and I was revelling

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None of us had noticed that it was actually half-time and that all the players had trooped off the pitch. The match was a nil-nil draw at that point – and the only scoring was what was going on up at the top of the main stand. I spread my legs wide, reaching down to my hairy pussy so that I could pull my soaking cunt lips apart and give all the supporters a really good view.

I knew that the instant Tanya touched me there again, I'd be orgasming. I was turned on already; the idea of being watched by such an eager audience was incredibly exciting. Everything seemed to go into slow motion as Tanya knelt down between my thighs and pressed her mouth to my love hole. "I want to feel all that come gushing out of you," she whispered. "I want to taste it all."

She moaned loudly as she fingered herself to a climax

I just nodded and leaned back on my elbows as she started to tongue me. The rhythm of her tongue on my pussy was strong, she was really licking deep into me. I gripped the seat as she thrust her tongue inside me and then withdrew it almost all the way out, licking all around my gaping hole before plunging right back in again, faster and faster as she felt me getting closer to my climax.

By now, there were loud cheers coming from all the guys around us and I opened my eyes briefly to be met by the sight of a large, pink, swollen cock hovering over my open mouth!

"Suck it, suck it!" the chant came, so – with Tanya's tongue keeping me on the brink of climax – I reached up and slowly pulled the thick shaft between my lips.

I don't know who it belonged to (with my head at that angle, I couldn't see) but it certainly tasted delicious: tangy, salty and very male. The hairy balls dangling below were huge and stiff with all the come that their owner was holding back with difficulty. I could feel his bush rubbing against my fingers as I gripped that shaft and shoved it as deep into my mouth as it would go. There was another loud cheer as I took his whole length to the back of my throat with no problem.

Tanya's expert tonguing was taking me to the point of no return, though. With one final thrust, she flicked at my aching clit with her finger and I came so strongly that I almost sank my teeth into the cock. My boobs were shaking, the nipples throbbing and huge, and I had no doubt that as I milked every second of enjoyment from my orgasm, every guy around us had his eyes trained on this off-the-ball incident.

As Tanya moved away from my cunt, I watched as she knelt down on her seat, turned to the guy behind her, unzipped his jeans and started to suck his cock. It was an amazing turn-on to see my best friend just lose control like that, her hands diving down inside his trousers to play with his balls as he fed her his cock and she coated its length with her saliva. I sucked the cock in my mouth even harder and was almost immediately rewarded with several jets of steaming come shooting down the back of my throat. I swallowed the lot in one go then sat up and licked my lips as the watchers gave me a round of applause.

"Who's next?" I demanded, totally carried away. "And this time, I want to be fucked, okay?"

This really handsome, blond haired guy in the row behind us offered to satisfy my needs. He didn't even bother to take off any of his clothes; his cock was already stiff and well-prepared for my greedy cunt after watching me suck off his friend. He climbed over to my seat and knelt on it, pulling my legs up onto his shoulders and then ramming his cock up inside me – just the way I love sex to be! I linked my ankles behind his head and started to thrust in time with him, my pelvis arching.

It didn't take long for me to extract all his delicious come from him. It sprayed deep into my cunt in hot bursts. Tanya moaned loud as she fingered herself to a climax while draining the other fella's cock and I clenched my pussy walls over and over to make the blond guy's orgasm last as long as I needed it to. He used the tip of his finger on my clitty to spur me on and I was more than ready when I came again.

By the time the match was over, Tanya had sucked off two more guys and I'd given a couple of well-practised handjobs – the whole stand seemed to smell of sex! After the match (which our team won 2-0 to complete a very satisfying afternoon!), we adjourned to a nearby pub with some of the lads we'd got so carried away with on the terraces – and I've been seeing that blond one ever since!

Dale can't seem to get enough of my body, and loves it when I describe in full, filthy detail how I loved putting on such a show for the supporters! Now my ambition is to actually fuck in the centre circle of the hallowed turf itself, so if and when we manage to do it, I'll write and tell you all about it! – *Shona, West Midlands* ♣

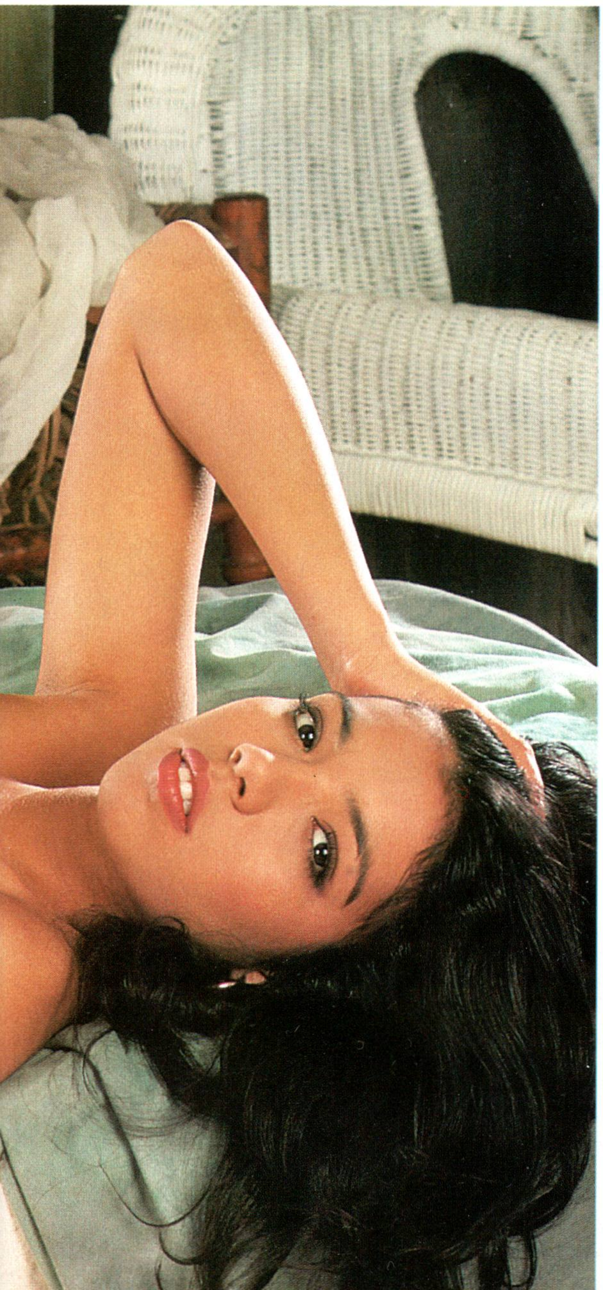
siân

Photographs by Geoff Howes

We've never had the pleasure of seeing Sian in Club before, but the dusky beauty wasn't too nervous about making her first appearance... "I've never had a boyfriend," claims the 18-year-old from Birmingham. "I far was too shy for any of that – I even had braces on my

teeth up until a few months ago. But as soon as I turned 18, I felt like I'd blossomed into a woman overnight!"

We couldn't agree with you more, Sian... "Now the only thing that's likely to need braces are all your readers' necks after they've been craning over my pictures for too long!" ♣



Photographs by Harry Linden

CANDY

We caught up with Candy just as she was preparing for a big date. But be warned, fellas – if you're the lucky man then you can expect her to be late...

"It's always the same when I get into the shower," confesses the 19-year-old hairdresser, letting her towel fall to reveal a perfect figure. "I go into the bathroom with the best intentions, but since I've discovered

that the shower head is as good as any vibrator, you'll have a hard time getting me out!

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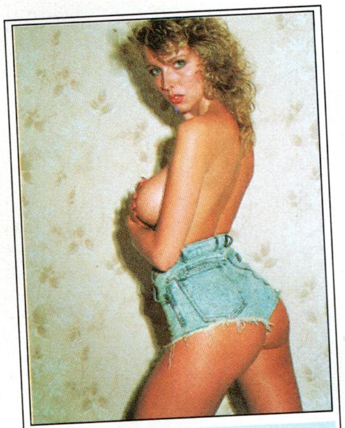
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These are classic videos of the highest quality. Extremely explicit action with no holds barred—you couldn't ask for more—this is simply the best!

I must warn you, though, that these films contain scenes of explicit sexual activity of every conceivable type. You must only purchase these films if you are over 18 years of age and are sure that such XXX action will not offend you.

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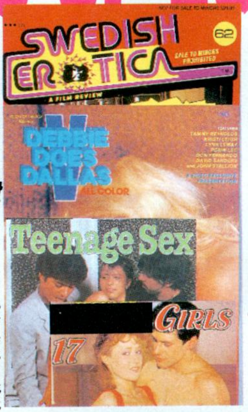

WARNING: All these films are uncertificated, imported from Europe and the USA. These films are totally uncut featuring hardcore scenes. These are not for sale in any other outlet in the UK. These films contain highly explicit sexual material. They feature close-ups of intercourse by groups, lesbians, males and females.

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THIS is the first time the uncut and uncertificated version of this porn classic has been available in the UK! The famous lxsbixn scenes fully deserve their international reputation—certainly licks anything I've ever seen! Excellent group scenes of four, five and six ravers! The orxl is amazing, with girls swallowing the lot! The back shots are great, spread cheeks and loads of xxxx. Toys and bxxdage feature to great effect.

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TWO GIRLS, ONE LICKS YOUR BALLS, WHILE THE OTHER GIVES YOU HEAD
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YOUR COCK UP MY HOLE
0105 9224 9018

SPREAD MY LEGS AND RAM IT UP ME
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0105 9224 9011

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PENETRATE FIRST MY MOUTH THEN MY FANNY
0105 9224 9020

SHOVE IT UP ME AND SHOOT INSIDE
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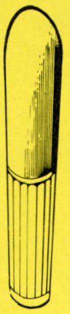

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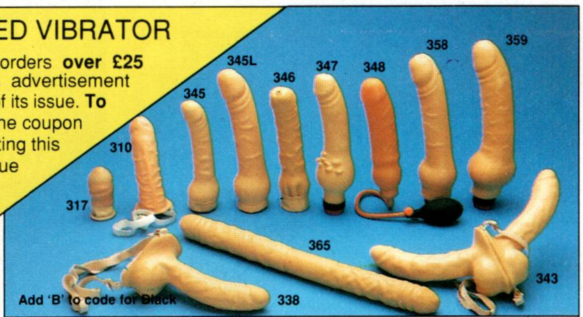

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Add code **'B'** for Black. Details of female sex dolls made of strong latex-vinyl and also pure latex are available with our catalogue. **Bonus 'LOVE-PAC'** of lubricant and sheath included with all dolls.

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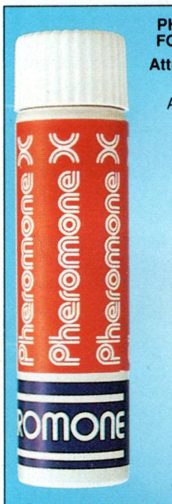

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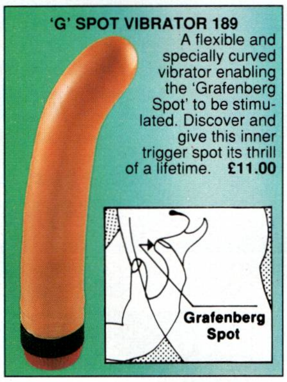

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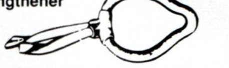

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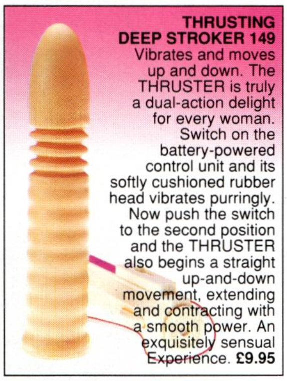

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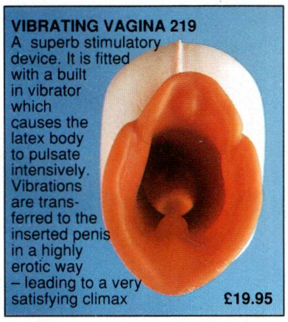

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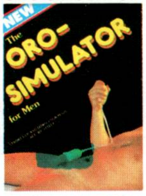

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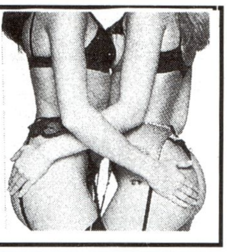

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in the bag

continued from page 40

each other a whole lot better. I'm really looking forward to my next birthday, let me tell you! – *Rebecca, Luton*

HORNY HOTEL

My name is Emma, I'm 19-years-old and I've been a keen reader of Club for over a year now. I was introduced to your magazine by Alexis, who I met when I started my first job straight from college. I had a fairly strict upbringing, so it was a real joy to become friends with Alexis who turned out to be a real raver and who introduced me to my first sexual experience.

I'd been in my job as a secretary for about six months and was given the chance to go away for a week on a training course along with Alexis and two fellas from the office, Keith and Scott. The course was my first chance to be away from home and I was really planning to enjoy myself.

I'd taken along a whole new wardrobe of clothes to wear and on the first night we had arranged to go to the disco right next door to our hotel. I picked out a really short mini-skirt to wear, but didn't really have any knickers to match, so I quickly nipped next door – minus my underwear – to ask Alexis if I could borrow a pair of knickers from her.

I knocked, then walked in through the door as Alexis was putting the finishing touches to her outfit. She looked stunning dressed in a pair of black, skintight leggings along with a busty top and a bare midriff. When I told her of my dilemma she just laughed. "I'll show you what I wear," she laughed, pulling down her leggings. "Nothing!"

I blushed bright red, then Alexis grabbed me by the hand. "C'mon, let's get you back into your room and see what we can find," she said, leading me out into the corridor.

When we came out of the room, we paused for a second to lock the door. At that moment, Keith came along the corridor. "Wow! You both look fantastic," he said. "Come on, I'll buy you a drink..." Before we had a chance to say anything, he took us both by the arm and led us down the stairs. I didn't bother to protest that I hadn't finished dressing and went down with him.

As we came down into the bar all the guys were looking up appreciatively at me and Alexis. I must admit I felt pretty turned on to be the object of so many admiring glances and a thought crept into my mind – I wonder if they could see my pussy? – I rather hoped they could!

Alexis and I settled down to a drink at the bar and were soon joined by Scott, while Keith went off to get the drinks. As he did, I couldn't take my eyes off Alexis. Her tight leggings left little to the imagination, in fact, I could clearly make out the rounded shape of her mound and the twin ridges of her pussy lips – and it was obvious that Scott could too. I have to admit I felt a little left out, so when Keith came back from the bar I leaned over to get my drink until I could feel the velour of the seat on the bare cheek of my bum. I glanced down to see that the hem of my skirt had worked up to the point where I could see a few wisps of pussy hair peeking out. All eyes were suddenly on me...

A wonderfully naughty urge was growing inside me, but Alexis couldn't stand it any more. "If all you guys want to do is ogle Emma, " she purred, "then why don't we all go back to her room and have some real fun?"

Scott and Keith's jaw almost hit the floor but, before they had a chance to say anything, Alexis grabbed me by the arm and we quickly headed for the stairs. "Are you coming, fellas?" drawled Alexis. The lads quickly got to their feet and the four of us went upstairs.

Once we were in the room, Keith fixed us drinks from the mini-bar while Scott sat down on a chair and I flopped onto the bed. Alexis joined me and started to casually run a finger up and down my thigh. "Hey, you two," she said to Scott and Keith. "Don't you think Emma has got a great-looking pussy? I know you both

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IN AND OUT

This month's guide to your Gascoignes and Giggs...

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King Coney	Burlusconi
Civvy	Chevignon
K Cider	Holsten ♣

gabrielle

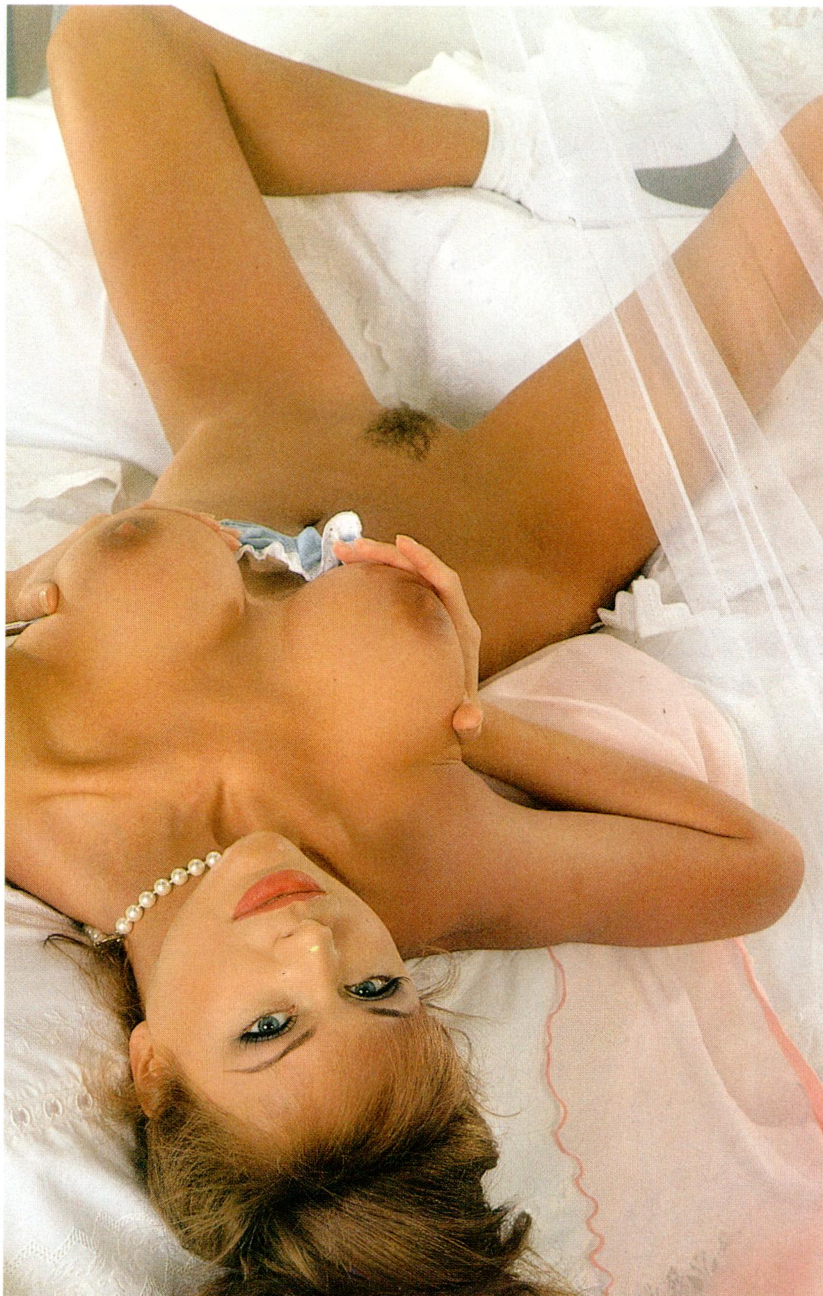
Photographs by Jack Harrison

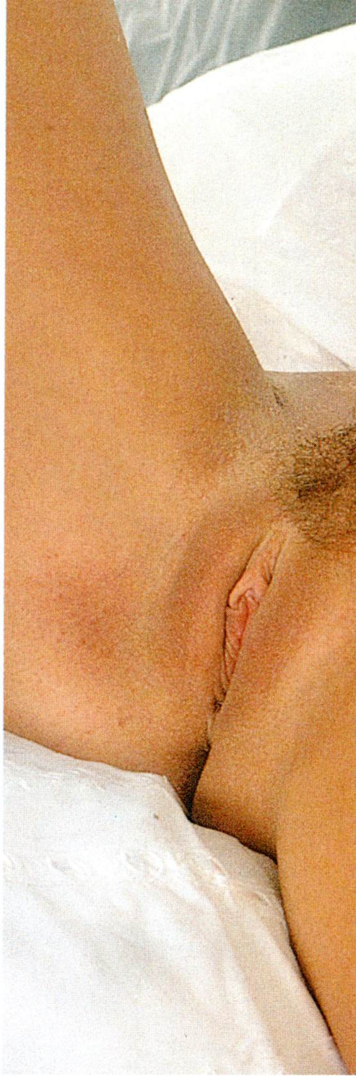
Blooming! That's the only way to describe 21-year-old Gabrielle since we last saw her in Club. Her legs are longer, her skin is darker and her boobs look even more rounded and suckable. In short, she looks even better than she did before...

"Nice of you to say so," beams Gabrielle delightedly. "I will admit to a

session under the sunbed and a weekly trip to the gym. But to be honest, I think it's more a case of absence makes the cock grow harder! Go on, tell me I'm right!"

Damn, fooled again, eh fellas?! ♣





COMING IN club

ALL HANDS ON DEB!

Delicious Debbie should prove to be more than a handful when she makes her astonishing debut in Club next month. The 20-year-old fitness coach from Canterbury believes in putting her fellas through their paces. But will she get you fighting fit – or leave you completely breathless? There's only one way to find out. Ready, steady... g-g-g-go for it! ♣

Volume 23 Number 7 on sale June 16th

in the bag

continued from page 90

saw it." They didn't answer, but moved in closer to get a good view as Alexis proceeded to move her hand further up my thigh.

"I bet her pussy is really wet now," she said lifting my skirt right up. A gasp escaped from my lips as Alexis started rubbing her finger along my wet slit and I felt her teasing my petals apart.

"What a lovely pussy," she gasped, peeling back the hood of my clit and gently rubbing my aching bud. I couldn't stand it any longer, I wanted to feel a prick inside me. I was desperate to lose my virginity right there and then!

"How about you, Scott?" urged Alexis. "Do you want to fuck her? Go on, it's her first time." Scott quickly took his clothes off, revealing a rock-hard cock and positioned himself between my legs. Then he took hold of my ankles and pushed my legs back and apart to give himself open access to my cunt. Slowly, with a thrust of his hips, he pushed his cock inside me and my cunt walls closed tightly around his thick shaft.

I could feel his prick buried inside me as he started pushing it in and out, sending ripples of pleasure coursing through me. "That's it, fuck me," I yelped excitedly. He slowly began to build up speed, pumping faster and faster until I could feel myself working up to an incredible orgasm. I could sense Scott was holding back, trying to stop himself from coming as my cunt did its best to coax the spunk out of him. As my orgasm peaked, I rolled over so that I was on top, riding his prick for all I was worth.

Soon I was bouncing up and down on him, working myself to a second climax. When it came it was better than the last and I screamed at the top of my voice. This time I could see Scott was on the verge of coming. Sure enough, he bucked his hips furiously and shot his load inside me.

Meanwhile, Alexis had started on Keith. There was a noisy slurping from the other side of the room and I looked over to see her sucking furiously on his cock. When his balls looked as if they were bursting to come, she turned around, bent over the bed and Keith finished her off; shafting her doggy style until he sprayed his spunk all over her bum cheeks. What a finale!

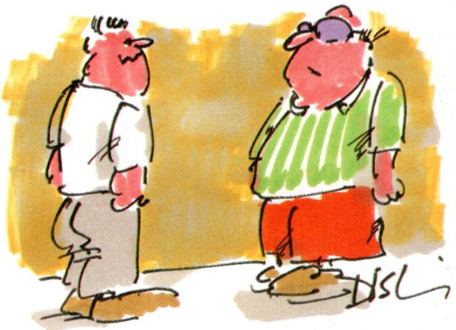
Once I'd recovered from my rigorous shafting from Scott, I started to make up for lost time and used my new-found experience on Keith. It was quite a night to remember and set the tone for the rest of the week – sex, sex and even more sex! I couldn't thank Alexis enough for providing me with my first sexual experience and I've been making up for lost time ever since! – *Emma, London*

PLAYING AWAY

My name is Catherine, I'm 26-years-old and I've been happily married for three years. I never thought that I'd find myself fucking other guys, but after reading about it in Club so often I suggested the idea to my husband, Pete. He freely admits that he finds the idea a real turn-on and I must say I was incredibly aroused at the idea of fucking another man.

I work as an office manager in an advertising agency. I socialise a great deal because of my job, so meeting other men has never been a problem. I've been told that I've got a great figure and I've always attracted attention from the opposite sex. Last week I decided to take things a step further and made my first move...

I had an appointment with a client in an office in West London and I was shown into an office with Simon. He was a very good-looking man in his early twenties and it soon became clear from his obvious flirting that he found me attractive.



Sharon Stone you ain't – do your flies up!

As I opposite him I crossed and uncrossed my legs, flashing him a glimpse of my stocking tops as we talked. I could see he was turned on and when he moved closer and ran his hand up my thigh, I was ready for anything. "Do you want to go somewhere private?" he asked cheekily.

"Only if you're game for a bit of action," I laughed. When I told him that I was married and that my husband actually encouraged me to fuck other men, that was it! Simon ended up taking me over his desk and shagging me enthusiastically from behind, both of us coming within minutes.

That afternoon was my first experience of having sex with someone other than Pete and he could hardly contain his excitement when I told him about it! Next time he wants me to actually bring a fella back to our flat. When it happens, I'll write in and let you know all about it! – *Catherine, London* ♣

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CAROLINE SCREAMS WHEN HER BOYFRIEND RAMS HIS 9 ½" DICK UP HER
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HELEN 23 (GLOUCESTER SCHOOL TEACHER) SPANKED AND F**KED BY BOYFRIEND
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GIRL FINGERING HER FANNY ALONE IN HER BEDROOM
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SEX STARVED HOUSEWIFE (SHEFFIELD) BEING LICKED OUT ON ALL FOURS BY HER BEST FRIEND
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FRENCH AU PAIR SECRETLY RECORDED HER EMPLOYERS IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR BEDROOM
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STUDENT NURSE MASTURBATING IN FRONT OF MIRROR WHILE HER BOYFRIEND WATCHES
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GORGEOUS VIRGIN (PHOTO PROVIDED) FINGERING HERSELF TO ORGASM
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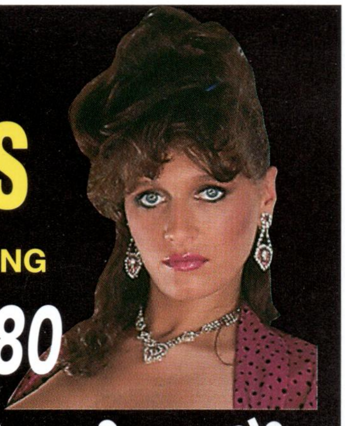

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